THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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SMALLEY ROASTED.

An English Editor Gives His Opinion of the Greatest Human Wooden Nutmeg Ever Sent Forth by Yankeedom.

The New York "Tribune's" Brass Monkey Taken at His Proper Value.

[*From the London, Eng., Speaker.*]

"FOLLY AT FULL SPEED."

Just as there is nothing more inspirating than to observe noble effort and lofty spirit struggling with mechanical or other extraneous disadvantages, so is there nothing meaner or more depressing than to be called upon to observe splendid contrivances of human wit and ingenuity made the vehicle of paltriness, insignificance and fatuity. A reflection of this melancholy kind is thrust upon the unhappy wight who happens to read one—it is his own fault if he reads two—of the contributions made by wire to the New York *Tribune* by somebody signing himself "G.W.S." Were these contributions, ill-composed and ill-conceived things that they are, first communicated by an illiterate hand to soiled paper of the very cheapest kind, and then through the now familiar medium of the post carried across the Atlantic in the hold of a steamboat, it would be bad enough: but the thought that they are flashed under the misterious bed of old ocean by means of a contrivance so splendid and so ethereal as the electric current passing through a cable is positively sickening. You have but to read the letters of "G.W.S." to the New York *Tribune*, and to remember the splendor of the process by which they are carried across the seas, to have brought home to your mind, almost brutally, the deplorable and disheartening contrast which so often exists between machinery and the thing manufactured; between, in short, the means and the end. The same thought sometimes occurs when you look at a modern printing press, and read the newspaper it is condemned to turn out. How godlike is the machine at once so dignified and so deft, so powerful yet so precise, able to print yet not ashamed to fold! But the thing produced—faugh! it is often only fit to envelop two pennyworth of sausages or a rasher of cheap bacon.

This "G.W.S." occupies two columns of the New York *Tribune* of the 18th of last month with some of the feeblest twaddle that ever fell from human pen. But here a doubt instantly suggests itself. Has "G.W.S." a pen, or does he belong to the large and increasing army of dictators? This habit of dictating to a shorthand writer is a mischievous one, and we think we detect, in what (to borrow an expression of Dean Swift) to poverty of the language compels us to call "G.W.S's" style, evidence of the deteriorating influence of dictation. We are far from saying that under any circumstances could "G.W.S." write well, but we suggest as a reason for these letters of his being so bad as they are that he dictates them. His sense of duty to his employers and to the vast public who hang upon his words compelled "G.W.S." to telegraph to New York the startling news that Lord Wolverton had resigned his post as lord-in-waiting. But "G.W.S." is no ordinary man. He can discriminate. Even the resignation of a lord-in-waiting does not unhinge his mind. "It is important," says he, "this resignation of Lord Wolverton, but," and the faithful cable carries the weighty words across the world, "it is not so important as something else." What can this be, we wonder? Why, of course, Mr. Morrogh's resignation of his seat for Southeast Cork.

One pities the poor electric cable into whose ear such poor stuff is poured. "G.W.S." does not even know his "Demrett," and asserts that the dread nobleman who has so cruelly left Mr. Gladstone in the lurch is the son of Mr. Glyn who was, as many people are aware, a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. It would not have mattered very much if he had been; but, as a matter of fact, he is not. We are disappointed with "G.W.S." We admit we thought he knew his "Peerage."

But Mr. Gladstone has had during the last month to face calamities nearly as crushing as these shocking resignations, for Mr. Chamberlain has discovered, so "G.W.S." telegraphs across the Atlantic, an error in the Irish financial scheme, but, so "G.W.S." proceeds, even this does not daunt the shameless old man, "who meets even this catastrophe with smiling face and jaunty manner." Sometimes it has been thought the patient will not die; Morrogh resigns, Wolverton resigns, Chamberlain discovers a blunder, but Mr. Gladstone remains where he is. What Mr. Chamberlain has had to do with the discovery of the miscalculation referred to, nobody knows this side of the Atlantic, but anything is good enough for the cable. But after these airy inaccuracies, these playful falsehoods, "G.W.S." assumes a sterner aspect. He has heard hints of the closure, which somebody seemingly in his presence called the guillotine. It was, indeed, a striking phrase, and awakened painful thoughts in the well-stored mind of "G.W.S." "The guillotine," says he, "is the name which the Radicals, their minds saturated with memories of the French revolution, now give to the closure." What an excellent description of the Radical party—how life-like! It is by touches of this kind that we recognize the true genius of journalism. The excellent, much-enduring M.Ps, who for the last fortnight have been clamoring for the closure in order to put an end to their torment, and weariness, are, it appears, so intimately acquainted, so saturated, with events of the French revolution as to be able, quite unassisted, and from their own ample stores of learning, to christen Mr. Smith's closure by no less recondite a name than the gullitine.

To pursue "G.W.S." as he flounders through two columns of print would be to inflict vicarious suffering upon our own readers, his ineptitude is as great as his inaccuracy. He assures the luckless purchaser of the *Tribune* that Englishmen cannot unburden their minds of the memory that Mr. Bayard was Mr. Cleveland's secretary of state when Mr. Cleveland sent Lord Sackville his passports. England holds, so the egregious correspondent continues, Mr. Bayard responsible for that transaction. We are, indeed, a queer race, saturated and burdened with many odd memories. Mr. Bayard may rest assured that nobody outside the foreign office will ever remember a single incident in his past history. But what is to be thought of a correspondent who is capable of palming off upon his gulls in a distant land such stuff as this "News of Europe"? "The well-worn topic of arbitration came up in the house of commons last night on the initiative of the well-worn secretary of the Peace Society, Mr. Cremer." How pleasing and how important! Of the Cobden Club, "G.W.S." says, "Its annual dinner is not even annual." This, we presume, is wit, and was cabled across to New York. Altogether, two columns of "G.W.S." must be allowed to produce an immense effect upon the human mind. Anything that we have ever read of the kind before—

> "Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises.
> Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure
> Of this writing man's immense stupidity."

How comes it about—the inquiry is a delicate one—that any man can discharge a task so badly as "G.W.S."? Is it want of time, or want of thought, or inherent incapacity? Can it be the dinners he eats, the company he keeps, or how otherwise? We confess ourselves to be utterly at a loss. But it is a pity, for his work, though unimportant, is not powerless for good, and if properly discharged might contribute a little to the common stock of human sanity.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN F. BALLANTYNE.

The Chicago press lost last week one of its brightest and best beloved members in the person of John F. Ballantyne. He was only 42 years old—in the midst of an honorable and useful career—when death claimed him. His malady was peritonitis, and he was ill only a few days. His father, James F. Ballantyne, was for several years editor of the Chicago *Republican*, the precursor of the *Inter-Ocean*. The son received a careful collegiate training, and entered on the career of journalism at a very early age. He held, with great credit, many important positions, as reporter, city editor and editorial writer on the local dailies. He also contributed to the magazines. Mrs. Ballantyne, sister-in-law of Eugene Field, survives her lamented husband.

The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, in the Presbyterian church at Fullerton avenue and Larrabee street. The Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus conducted the services, which were simple and impressive. The church was crowded with friends of the deceased, among whom were many newspaper men who were there to pay their last respects to one whom they knew and esteemed in life as a fellow worker.

The casket containing the remains was removed from the family residence at No. 532 Orchard street at 2 o'clock, and conveyed to the church. The funeral arrangements were carried out by a committee of the Press club, of which Melville E. Stone was chairman. The pallbearers, all members of the Press club, were: Stanley Waterloo, Sol Smith Russell, John W. Ela, Guy Magee, Chas. M. Fay, G. H. Yenowhine, Andrew B. Adair, John Ritchie, John A. McGovern, William G. Nicholas, H. N. Nichols and W. H. McFarland.

The Press club attended in a body, each member wearing a badge of mourning on his coat lapel, a piece of crape on his arm, and carrying a rose. They acted as a funeral escort. The programme of the services began with the singing of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," by the New England Church choir, after which they sang "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a stranger." Dr. Gunsaulus read a passage from the scriptures and delivered the panegyric. He said in part: "When I returned from a long journey last night I was informed that I was a poorer man than I knew; that I had sustained the loss of a dear friend; that John Ballantyne was dead. He was the most loyal, noble and loving friend I ever knew. I have never known one who possessed so much rock-like grandeur of conviction, overgrown as it was with roses. Every power of his life was dedicated to a great thought. We are here to bury the body of a newspaper man. He grew from reporter to managing editor, one who aided in molding public opinion and making this a better city in which we live. He knew the power in his hand was a divinely given thing and exercised it for righteousness. He led a life devoid of affectation, so inconspicuous, and so true. He left his family wealthy with a fortune of glorious memory; a fortune of stainless manhood, of incorruptible integrity."

Prayer followed the remarks and the choir sang "Beulah Land." The music rendered were hymns that were favorites with the deceased during his life. The lid was lifted from the casket after the services were concluded and those who were present marched by to take a last look at the face of the dead. As the members of the Press club passed each dropped the red rose he carried on the casket lid. It was a beautiful fragrant heap, the hundred crimson flowers dropped in offering to the memory of their departed fellow-worker.

The funeral procession was formed of a long line of carriages bearing the relatives and the members of the Press club who followed the remains to Rosehill cemetery. The ushers were M. B. Gibbs, A. T. Packard, John Ritchie, Hill C. Smyth and William Freeman. Among those present were: Melville E. Stone, John McGovern, John Faye, William E. Curtis, J. T. McEnnis, Theodore Gestefeld, Gus Frankland, Samuel T. Clover, Slason Thompson, James Chisholm, Mrs. Frank B. Wilkie, Eugene Field, Walter Cossat, George Francis Train, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Joseph Maitland, H. E. O. Heinnemann, Capt. Meredith, Leroy Armstrong, W. A. Taylor, W. K. Sullivan, William Penn Nixon, Col. J. K. C. Forrest, Leigh Lynch and Victor Lawson.

MRS. MARGARET MARY M'PHELIM.

No brighter, kinder or purer spirit ever winged its flight from here to the hereafter than that of Margaret Mary McPhelim, who died at Maywood, in this county, on Aug. 4. Her mind was as bright as her heart was generous and tender. Mentally strong, and with the experience of much travel and intellectual associations; she remained to the close as innocent and unsuspecting as a child. Absolutely without guile and incapable of anything but tenderest thoughts and self-sacrificing endeavors, she kept "the whiteness of her soul" to the last hour of her loving and lovable life. To her family and relatives and friends her death was the more poignant because it was unexpected. She died of pneumonia, after a painful struggle of a few days.

Mrs. McPhelim was 59 years of age, having been born in Ireland in 1834. In 1854 she was married to James McPhelim, high sheriff of Kent county, New Brunswick, and lived in St. Johns until after the death of her husband in 1865. Left with three young children she patiently surrendered herself to their care and intellectual development and devoted to their education the income realized from her husband's estate. Although dying all too soon she lived long enough to see her children acquire fame in the field of literature. Her youngest son, Frank, married a daughter of E. F. Dwyer, of Maywood, and died about four years ago. Her oldest son, E. J. McPhelim, has been for a dozen years connected with the Chicago *Tribune* as literary editor and dramatic critic, and in latter sphere is acknowledged to have no superior on the American press and few equals in the field of English dramatic criticism. Her only daughter, Kate M., was married in 1884 to M. T. Cleary, son of James Cleary, and has since resided in Hubbell, Nebraska. The genius of her mother—and in an added degree—has descended to the daughter, and Mrs. Cleary has become widely known as a writer of fiction, bright sketches and poems. Mrs. McPhelim herself, while her children were young and dependent upon her, did much literary work, first in St. Johns and afterwards for the newspapers and magazines of Philadelphia and New York. Peace forever to her gentle, self-denying and confiding spirit. A sweeter or more innocent soul never entered the golden portals.

MR. JOHN DEELIE.

It is with great regret THE CITIZEN announces the death of Mr. John Deelie, at his residence, Rathcahill, parish of Monagea, county Limerick, Ireland, of paralysis, at the age of 82 years. The deceased was a farmer, in comfortable circumstances, and was a man of fine appearance, possessed of general intelligence and sound judgement, combined with manly principles, honorable in his dealings with all. He was systematic and regular in his manner of living, and devoted his entire time to his farm and family. Mr. Deelie was held in high esteem by his neighbors for his candid independence, sympathetic nature, and willingness to relieve distress. He leaves one son and two married daughters in Ireland, and two sons in this city—William, desk sergeant at the West Chicago Avenue Station, and Michael, salesman at J. V. Farwell's wholesale house. The deceased was also the father of Thomas and James Deelie, of Louisville, Ky., veterans of the Union army, both deceased. Being in failing health since the death of his wife, his latter years were devoted to piety and religious work. Mr. Deelie died fortified by the rites of the Catholic church, and his remains were interred in the parish cemetery, the funeral being largely attended.

Summer Weakness, that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial.

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

Graphic Description of the Beautiful Green Island by a Man Who Knows Every Foot of it, and Loves Every Sod From Cork To Antrim.

Dublin as it Appears to the Eye of an Irish American Traveler.

[*From the Irish-American.*]

DUBLIN, Aug. 1.—This letter should be in Irish. I know it; but, somehow, I haven't moral courage enough for the task; for, although, I have many dear friends in America, who read and understand Irish, I have still many more who, unfortunately, do not understand the language of their sires. On their account, then, my letter must be in English.

Ireland has, this year, clothed herself in her most gorgeous drapery. From head to heel she is arrayed in green and gold, and stands the Queen of Beauty among the Nations. Never, perhaps, has she looked so peerless as now. The drought that has baked and burned the rest of Europe, has blessed Ireland with a golden harvest, more plentiful than has been reaped since the days of *Cathal Mhor*, of the Wine-red Hand, King of of Connacht. Every crop is good in Ireland this year. Even hay is beyond the average, in spite of the dryest spring and summer in the memory of any one living.

But the drought of this year has been most peculiar. It was not what Americans call a continuous "dry spell." The rain-fall, for the last four or five months has been the smallest on record; but few days passed without showers. Here is the secret; the little rain that fell was distributed so exactly right that it did more good to the growing crops than five times the amount would have done had it come all together.

To know how little rain has fallen, lately in Ireland, one has only to look at the rivers. They are nearly dried up. The "broad Blackwater" is shrunk to a rill. I saw a herd of cattle trying to wet their feet in it, at Mallow, and they barely succeeded in doing so. The Barrow, at Monasterevan, can hardly be seen, as one passes over it on the railway; and as for the Liffey, here in Dublin—it is a most pitiful sight "when the tide is out," and might easily be mistaken for a dry sewer instead of a river.

But one ceases to fret about the rivers when he gazes on the heavens and the earth; for it is impossible to say which is the more beautiful. Never before has Ireland had such cloud-scenery as she has now. The heavens are not the clear blue of our American or an Italian summer, shining on and on in sameness of splendor; they are decked with clouds of all forms and hues; sometimes as full of color and variety as a peacock's tail. And then the sunsets! No pen or pencil can describe them. Never have I noticed so many gorgeous sunsets. Every evening, since I arrived in the "Cove of Cork," almost every sunset has been a wonder of golden glory.

But, it is when one lies down, at night, in this God-favored, but man-cursed land, that one feels like praying for him that discovered it, and cursing the rule that ruined it, and made it unable to support its own children. No matter how hot the day may be, the nights, even in this unprecedentedly hot time, are always cool. The deliciousness of lying down, in the middle of summer, in a cool room, between cool sheets, with no fear of being awakened by the dreadful drone of a mosquito, just as you have sunk to slumber, is worth going over the Atlantic five times to experience once.

Another thing that amazes one who has resided long in America is all the walking one can do here, even in the middle of a hot summer, without being tired. No city in the world is better supplied with street cars than Dublin. You can go almost everywhere in them, at prices varying from two to four cents. But any one thoroughly acquainted (as I am) with every street and lane, and almost everywhere in the city—once he sets out to take a street car, meets some well-remembered house or street which he had not seen for well nigh a quarter of a century, and is led, on and on, from one familiar scene to another, until he forgets all about street cars. For the first four or five days after coming here, I must have averaged from eight to ten miles a day, and when night came on I found myself in no way tired. Such an amount of walking in an American city, in the middle of summer, would be a sheer impossibility to most men, unless to the very athletic and very young. But here the sun does not burn and wilt you as it does in America; at its very hottest it seems only to invigorate you.

I have been familiar with the scenery on the railway between Cork and Dublin for thirty years; but never before have I seen it so beautiful, and never before did I notice such signs of prosperity and comfort. I do dot recollect to have seen a single dilapidated cabin in that hundred and sixty miles of travel. There are many very beautiful laborers' cottages to be seen with their white walls and slated roofs. But it is the thatched cottages of the small farmers that attract one most. Nothing could look more cozy or more beautiful than they. Not an unwhitened wall do I remember to have seen belonging to one of those cottages, in all the long ride from Cork to Dublin. It makes one long to hire a room in one of those lowly but beautiful houses (surrounded as they generally are), with green hedges, waving fields of rapidly ripening grain, and green pastures, decked with flowers of almost every hue. It is quite evident, from the greatly improved appearances of the cottages of the small farmers, and the still greater improvement in the cultivation and crops, that the Land League and Land Agitation of the last dozen years have not been without good results; and that, as soon as the dread of eviction was partially removed from the peasant farmer, he began to improve the appearance of his cottage and the cultivation of his fields. If some castles and "big houses" have gone to ruin, thousands of poor mens' houses have put on an air of comfort and well being which ought to bring joy to the philanthrophist as well as the Nationalist. The Irish in America should, above all, rejoice in the improved condition of the Irish tenant farmer; for it was their noble efforts and liberal donations that contributed, more than anything else, to bring about the present greatly improved condition of their kindred at home. All honor to them for it!

If the improvement in the appearance of *leath Chuinn*, or the northern half of Ireland is as great as it is in *leath Mhogha*, or the southern half, the most rabid anti-Nationalist and Orangeman cannot, for humanity's sake, but rejoice in the change that has taken place in Ireland. In spite of low prices for farming products, and a succession of unfavorable seasons, the improvement is so great that it cannot fail to strike the least observant. I was particularly struck with Queen's county. Having stopped over at Maryboro' and at Mountmellick, I had an opportunity of examining the country about there more closely. It is by no means the richest soil in Ireland; but the cultivation of the land, and the neat appearance of the small farmers' cottages struck me as being most remarkable, and very different from what they had been twenty years ago. Over all the plain toward the grey ridge of Slieve Bloom, with its lower parts carefully cultivated, was a brilliant patchwork of golden grain and green grass, divided by luxuriant hedge rows. The whole scene formed a panorama of rural beauty such as I never remember to have seen in any other part of the world.

This is the earliest harvest ever known in Ireland. Oats was cut in parts of the county Cork on the 20th of July. I saw a field of wheat being cut, near Sallins, on July 25th. Barley is probably now half garnered all through Queen's county and Tipperary. The hay is all, or nearly all, saved at present. So far, no sign of blight has appeared on the potatoes. Rarely, indeed, has Ireland been blessed with such abundant crops, or with such glorious weather to save them. The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. It is said that laboring men are getting three and sixpence and four shillings a day, and board in many places, saving the harvest.

There is always a dark side to the brightest picture. The long continued drought is at last beginning to be felt. If rain does not soon come, there will be both a water famine and a grass famine in Ireland. The pastures are getting a terribly burnt-up American look on them in many places. Even the wells are giving out. Rivers are only skeletons of their former selves; and they say that the Shannon is fordable in places where there never were known to be less than six feet of water formerly. It would be hard to say whether rain would now do most harm or good; it might spoil some crops, but it would give grass to the cattle that are now in a state of semi-starvation. There are signs, even now, of a change of weather; rain has begun to fall, and we may get too much of it.

Dublin looks much better than I expected. There are no more houses to be let than usual; and it is said that house rents have advanced during the last few years. If Dublin has not grown much, it is certainly vastly improved. It has made great strides in an artistic point of view. The "O'Connell Monument" is the finest group of statuary I ever saw. It is magnificent as well as colossal. If it were only white marble, it would be one of the art wonders of the world. It is, unfortunately, in bronze, as is the whole group of figures round the pedestal. This gives the figures a dingy look. It could not, perhaps, be avoided, for, while marble would soon get discolored in this damp climate, bronze is the same in any weather, and never changes its color. There are two other very fine statues in O'Connell street: one to Father Mathew and one to Sir John Gray. There is, in fact, only one poor statue in Dublin, and that is Moore's. No fact could show forth the inconsistency of the Irish character better than this. The man who did more for Ireland than all those to whom the Irish have erected statues, he who immortalized her music, who sang her sorrows and aspirations in nobler and sweeter strains than any ever uttered by any other mortal in any other time or clime, is placed in a back street overlooking a cesspool, while men whose influence ceased at their death, have noble monuments erected to them in the leading thoroughfares of the city. I have nothing whatever to say against the greatness of such men as Daniel O'Connell and Sir John Gray. The world acknowledges that they were great in their way; and deserved to be remembered by their countrymen; but to compare them with Moore is to compare farthing candles with the sun. It is an illimitable disgrace to the whole Irish race and nation to permit Moore to be represented by such a statue as the one erected to him in College street. The people not only of Dublin but of all Ireland will be despised by every soulful man of every race, if they do not erect a statue to him that will not be outdone by any under the Irish sky. It is to be ardently hoped that they will give this matter their attention as soon as possible, and not give an opportunity to the world to say that they are a nation of politicians—but not of patriots.

This city can no longer be called "dirty Dublin," for it is now one of the cleanest cities in the world. No American city that I ever was in is as clean as Dublin, Providence, Rhode Island, perhaps, excepted. All the leading streets are now paved; heretofore they were simply concreted. It would pay a member of the New York city government to come over here and examine the pavement of the streets. There is nothing so good in any American city. The blocks of stone are much smaller than any I have seen in any American city, and are laid down with geometrical regularity. Here is the exact size of the paving stones, seven, six and five inches in length by three in breadth. This splendid stone pavement makes the city much noisier than it used to be; but it is a great deal cleaner. If Dublin were built of marble or even of stone, it would now be one of the most, if not the most, beautiful city in the world; but being built almost entirely of brick, it has a dingy look. Dublin is a beauty of the brunette type—not so striking, perhaps, as a blonde, but nevertheless a beauty.

After having seen Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Hudson and in fact almost all that is worth seeing in the way of scenery in America, Dublin Bay is the same supremely beautiful bay that ever it was, and stands still, in my estimation, at least, as the most beautiful sea-loch in the world. And the environs of Dublin, on all sides of it—mountains, plains, rocks, woods and villas, seem now, after having seen almost every city on the North American continent, more beautiful than ever they seemed before.

T. O. RUSSELL.

GAELIC GAMES.

Emmets Defeat the Wolfe Tones and Finertys the Innisfails.

When the Emmets and Wofle Tones lined up in the centre of the field at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street last Sunday afternoon an exciting foot ball game began. Although the Emmets seemed to be winners from the commencement they had to work hard to maintain their lead. Capt. P. D. Fitzgerald, of the O'Briens, refereed the match. When the ball was thrown in the Emmets forced the play gradually toward the Wolfe Tones' lines. Tommy Ryan scored a point cleverly off a kick by Carmody, who scored another point immediately after. The Wolfe Tones rushed the sphere into Emmets' territory, where Hanlon scored two points in succession. The quick, scientific play of the Emmets prevailed and Tim Ryan secured a point, his brother Tommy following his example a little later. Within seven minutes of half time two foot balls were burst and some delay occurred before a third could be procured. During those seven minutes the Wolfe Tones scored another point. After change of sides, although the Tones were most of the time on the defensive, they succeeded in saving their goal, the Emmets getting but three points. The first of these was kicked by O'Neill and the other two by Capt. Murphy, one of them bounding off the goal-keeper's head. The players were:

Emmets—Dillon, goal; J. Ryan, Norris, Myles, backs; Carney, Con Murphy, half backs; J. J. Sisk, P. Ryan, right wing; O'Brien, O'Neill, left wing; P. Murphy, Capt. Murphy, Reidy, centre; Jim Sisk, Carmody, Tom Ryan, Tim Ryan, forwards.

Wolfe Tones—Powers, goal; John Sheehan, M. Sheehan, Slattery, backs; Capt. Verdon, McArdle, half backs; Butler, Jim Sheehan, right wing; Hedderman, Fay, left wing; Hanlon, Favier, centre; McShane, Healy, Murphy, Golden, Coffey, forwards.

The Innisfails and Finertys next took the field to play a hurling match. The result was somewhat of a surprise. It was known that the Finertys had improved considerably of late, but nobody expected that they would beat an experienced team like the Innisfails. During the first half hour only one point was scored and the Finertys got that. During the second half play was more rapid. The Innisfails got the first point and the Finertys offset it by another, thus maintaining their lead. Naughton, of the Innisfails, shortly struck the prettiest stroke of the match, scoring a point off a stroke by O'Reilly. Hayes scored next for the Finertys, after which Ed Cahill shot a goal. The Innisfails made two more points, but the goal had decided the game. Naughton, of the Innisfails, and McGrath, of the Finertys, did some fine play. The teams were:

Innisfails—Higgins, goal; Conway, Whalen, J. Egan, backs; Halvey, J. O'Callaghan, half backs; O'Reilly, McNamara, right wing; Droney, Clogan, left wing; Naughton, Jim O'Callaghan, Mason, forwards; Capt. O'Connell, Bennett, Diggins, McCarthy, centre.

Finertys—Ryan, goal; Capt. Cronin, Walsh, P. Shaughnessy, backs; Casey, R. Morrissey, half backs; Hayes, Healy, right wing; McGrath, W. Shaughnessy, left wing; J. Morrissey, Quinn, O'Mara, forwards; Leaney, Mulcahy, Cahill, Maher, centre.—*Herald.*

A Ruinous Loss.

Why is it that people in general are so prone to disregard loss of strength, clearly perceptible in bodily shrinkage, failure of appetite, broken rest? Incomprehensible but true. Sheer carelessness, an overweening confidence in the power of nature to recuperate—these are suggestible reasons. One of the most observable signals of danger thrown by distressed nature is waning strength. An efficient tonic is the best safeguard against impending peril. Among the invigorants which modern science has developed and experience approved is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it occupies the first place. Digestion, renewed by this genial stomachic, compensates for a drain of vital force, and a regular action of the bowels and tranquil condition of the nerves, both insured by its use, co-operate in the complete restoration of vigor. The Bitters remedies liver and kidney trouble and malaria.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PAGEANT IN THE CITY OF THE CONFEDERATION.

"O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green—
They march along the deep.
There's wine . . . . from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope
My Dark Rosaleen."

Under a rainy November sky the aspect of the old Marble City on the Nore was not its most pleasant one. A dreary, drizzling rain was falling through the damp atmosphere in a ceaseless shower, dripping from the projecting eaves of the houses, and running in leaden-hued rivulets along the narrow streets. The various towers and spires of the city loomed spectre-like through the gray mist. The confederate flag on the summit of the ancient castle of the Ormonds clung limp and heavy to its staff, while the weather had also a like deadening effect on the many strings of gay-colored flags which spanned the street, and on the many bright draperies displayed from the windows in celebration of an event which was now about to take place, viz., the public entry into the city of the nuncio sent by Pope Innocent the Tenth to the Irish Catholics in arms for their king, religion, and country.

Despite the wet weather, the streets through which the nuncio was to pass were filled with a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the forthcoming spectacle. Enthusiasm and excitement were visible on every countenance, for all the good citizens of Kilkenny were anxious to see and greet the venerable delegate of the Apostolic See.

The greatest pressure of the multitude was around St. Patrick's Gate, to the west of the city, by which the nuncio was to enter; and here, right in the midst of the throng, was Edmund O'Tracy. Having parted from Kathleen in New Ross, where she was now again living with her friends, he was on his way to rejoin the Ulster army. His comrade, Niall O'Cuirnin, had gone on before him some months before, with a promise to meet him at O'Neill's quarters at Belturbet; and he was now waiting in the Marble City to recover some arrears of pay, for his funds were in a rather low condition. Taking an intense national interest in the events afoot, he was all eyes and ears for the approaching pageant.

At St. Patrick's Gate the clergy and the city guilds awaited the arrival of the nuncio, and, stretching from the gate away through the streets, glanced at intervals the weapons of the soldiers of the Confederation, keeping clear the thoroughfare by which he was to reach the cathedral. All the windows and points of vantage in the neighborhood was occupied by eager spectators, and the buzz of popular expectation became louder every moment. At length a distant cheer was borne on the damp air, another and another followed, and the applause culminated in a great, ringing outburst of acclamation as in through the gate rode a squadron of cavalry with drawn sabres, surrounding the litter in which the nuncio had traveled from Limerick. There was now a short halt at the gate while a procession was being formed, which soon moved onward through the streets, as the bells of Kilkenny were heard to ring out glad, rapid notes of welcome.

First came the clergy, both regular and secular, walking two abreast—a long, grave array of surpliced priests and hooded monks, Dominicans of the Black Abbey, Franciscans of the famous priory, in whose cloisters wrote and thought the friar annalist, John Clynn On they passed with their crosses and banners, and then, stepping squarely and solidly together, came the substantial burghers and sturdy artisans of the city guilds. These were succeeded by a mounted band of fifty students, led by one of their number, who wore a crown of laurel and carried in his hand a roll of parchment on which was written a congratulatory Latin poem, which he had already read to the nuncio when he and his fellow-students had met the latter at some distance from the city. Then came the papal nuncio himself, the illustrious John Baptist Rinuccini, archbishop of Fermo. The eminent ecclesiastic was mounted on a richly caparisoned steed—for he had left his litter at the city gate—and over his head, to protect him from the rain, was borne a rich canopy, the shafts of which were upheld by four bareheaded citizens. He wore the pontifical hat and cape—the insignia of his office. He was a Florentine of noble birth, a brilliant scholar, a man of delicate health, but of an impetuous Italian temperament, as remarkable for his regular and austere manners as for his decisive and incorruptible character, and now in the fifty-third year of his life. Surrounding him were five delegates of the supreme council of Confederates, while the rear of the procession was closed by the detachment of cavalry which had escorted the nuncio from Limerick, commanded by Richard Butler, brother of the Earl of Ormond.

Amid great cheering the pageant moved onward through the streets, until it reached the Market Cross, which was particularly brilliant with a grand display of flags and draperies. The flags were of all colors, and bore Scriptural mottoes and devices which had a political significance at the time. For instance, there were red ones emblazoned with the hallowed name of the Redeemer, with the text, "In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow;" this was meant as a refutation of the English law forbidding genuflections. There was a glittering silver ensign, on which an armed knight was depicted setting fire to Calvin's "Institutes," with the motto: "Thus let heresies perish." And conspicuous over all waved the great banner of the Confederation, a Celtic cross (or a cross in a circle) in red on a green ground, with the letters, "C.R.," an imperial crown, and the motto, "Long live King Charles." There was a halt made here, while a young student read a Latin oration, extolling the goodness of the late Pope, Urban VIII, and welcoming his minister—as Rinuccini had been—to the chief city of the Confederation. The nuncio responded in the same tongue, thanking the citizens in a few words for the cordial reception they accorded him, praising their devotion to the Holy See, and invoking the blessing of heaven on their struggle for religion, king, and country.

The procession then moved on to the ancient Cathedral of St. Canice, at the door of which stood the aged and venerable bishop of the diocese, David Rothe, surrounded by all the minor officers of the cathedral, some bearing lighted torches, others incense, others holy water. After a mutual dignified salutation, the bishop conducted the nuncio to the grand altar, and there Rinuccini intonod the Te Deum, accompanied by the harmonious voices of his splendid band of Italian choristers. This done, he imparted solemn benediction to the vast multitude that thronged the cathedral, and so the ceremonies terminated.

As O'Tracy, who had moved with the crowd into the cathedral, turned to quit the sacred building, he felt a gentle touch on the arm. Looking round he saw an elderly gentleman, of grave but pleasant features, holding a little golden-haired girl by the hand. He started, for the man's countenance struck him as being somewhat familiar, and he strove to recall its memory.

"Surely you have not forgotten me," said the personage, with a quiet smile;—"nor the night, four years ago, when we travelled to Drogheda together?"

"Rory O'Moore!" he exclaimed, instantly.

"It is I, my friend," was the answer; "I recognized you on the spot, though you have greatly changed—hawever, not so much as myself."

It was indeed the Organizer. His features had grown thin and pale, and had assumed a rather sad and downcast expression, which had not, however, eliminated their old good-natured lineaments.

Eeach seized the hand of the other, and wrung it warmly. They emerged from the cathedral together, and walked along engaged in close and interested conversation.

"I heard you had fallen at Kilrush," said Edmund.

"Ha! ha! So, my friend, that report has reached *your* ears also. No, my son; heaven spared me to see the result of my labors, and up to the present perhaps the greatest result of them is that which we have just witnessed. I will not deny that the day of Kilrush placed me *hors de combat*, as far as a military life is concerned. It was a murderous fight. Mountgarrett, our present president, attacked Ormond within four miles of Athy. I had foreseen the result. Our raw force driven pell-mell into a bog, six hundred of our poor fellows killed, together with Sir Morgan Cavanagh and the sons of Lords Dunboyne and Ikerrin, as well as our ammunition and twenty pair of colors lost."

"And yourself?"

"A Puritan bullet cut short my military career, and sent me a wounded encumbrance to Flanders, where leechcraft did its best for me with little effect. Since my return thence my wound has given me much trouble, and I fear it may prove too much for me some of these days."

"Heaven forbid it!" exclaimed Edmund.

"But tell me," queried O'Moore; "how go matters in the North since the death of the archbishop?"

"I come from the South," replied the other; "where I've been an invalid almost since the capture of Duncannon Fort."

"Then you've not been at that sorry business near Sligo last month, when our troops were defeated in trying to retake the town from the Scotch Puritans, and the brave Archbishop of Tuam, Malachy O'Queely, dragged from his carriage in the pursuit, and hewn to pieces. Ah! it was a dastardly and cruel act on the part of Sir William Cole and Sir Frederick Hamilton——"

"The black-hearted scoundrel!" exclaimed Edmund;—and the news of the fall of Sligo made him wonder whether Dromahaire held out still, and what was the fate of Owen O'Rourke.

"But what think you of the nuncio?" he inquired.

"Heaven's blessing on him!" cried the Organizer, warmly; "his coming prospers our cause. Does he not bring us 2,000 muskets and bandolier-belts, 2,000 pike-heads, 400 brace of pistols, 20,000 pounds of powder, and so on?—You see I already have the items at my finger ends. Besides, he will have none but good and true men around him;—and let us hope he may clear the Ormondist faction from out our council."

"For my part," said O'Tracy, "I am all eagerness to resume my duty as a soldier. But for the difficulty of recovering my arrears of pay, I might have by this time crossed swords once more with the enemy."

"You have the necessary papers?" inquired O'Moore.

"Yes; here in my pocket."

"Come then with me;—in this matter my little influence is at your service."

The Organizer, still holding the child by the hand, conducted him to the market-place, and halted before the memorable two-storied residence (still standing) of Sir Richard Shea, in which the Confederates held their first meeting. Entering the house, Edmund was led by his companion to a room wherein several men were busily writing at tables littered with papers. The Organizer addressed a few words to one of those busy officials, by whom our hero, on producing his debentures, was at once paid the full amount of his arrears, and that in good coin of the Confederation.

Curious and characteristic coin it was, and Edmund examined the national money with much interest, turning over the silver and copper pieces with all the zeal of a numismatist. The half-crown bore no mark save that of a cross and the figures denoting its value, for it was one of the hastily struck coins issued from the Confederate mint. But far more elaborate was the copper coinage of a later date. The halfpenny bore on one side the kneeling king playing on a harp, over which was a crown with the inscription, *"Floreat Rex;"* and on the reverse was a figure of St. Patrick, with a crosier in his right hand and a shamrock in his left extended over the people, the arms of Dublin being on his left, with the inscription, *"Ecce Grex."* The farthing was similar, save that on the reverse, behind St. Patrick, was a church, with a cluster of serpents as if being driven from it, with the inscription, *"Quiescat Plebs."*

"Now," said the Organizer, as they issued from the house into the market-place, "you shall dine with me today, and then we will go see the Nuncio's reception in the castle. Come along, friend; right glad I am to have met you, and I hope you may enjoy my humble hospitality."

He brought O'Tracy to his dwelling, a neat though unpretentious house in a retired portion of the city; and here, in a room furnished after a taste characteristic of O'Moore, the walls being chiefly decorated with weapons and sacred pictures, and an oratory opening off one end, the two men and the little girl sat down to a plain and substantial repast. The table was attended by a staid old matron, the Organizer's housekeeper. The host and his guest discussed a variety of subjects over their wine.

"I forgot to inquire after my old friend, Gen. Plunkett," said Edmund.

"Alas! I know not what has befallen him. Since my return to Ireland I have made all search for him, but in vain. One rumor says he is dead, another that he has retired to the Continent."

At the conclusion of the meal, O'Moore having said grace, the golden-haired child threw her chubby arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I've forgotten. How foolish of me to overlook the duty of an introduction! This, my friend, is my daughter Anna, one of the brightest little maids in Kilkenny. Kiss our good friend, my darling."

Edmund kissed the cherry lips of the little maiden, who then bounded out of the room, leaving behind her a ripple of gay childish laughter, while her father gazed after her with manifest pride. And prouder and happier might Rory O'Moore have been, had he known the illustrious fruit his daughter's womb was yet destined to bear; for that little maiden was married, in after years, to Patrick Sarsfield, of Lucan, county Dublin, and became the mother of one of the noblest, most heroic, and most patriotic of Ireland's sons—Patrick Sarsfield.

"But we must lose no time if we would see the reception," said O'Moore. They again issued into the streets, and proceeded to Kilkenny Castle. There they speedily gained access to the grand gallery, in which the ceremonial was to take place.

The gallery presented a most imposing scene. At the head of the magnificent apartment sat in state the Lord President, Lord Mountgarret, surrounded by the members of the Confederate Council; while the body of the vast hall, with the exception of a cleared space in the centre, around which glittered the weapons of the council guards, was filled with an orderly and respectable throng of citizens. A murmur and motion at the end of the hall announced the arrival of the Nuncio, and soon appeared the stately and dignified form of Rinuccini, in the midst of a picturesque group of military and ecclesiastics. First, in solemn black, came the secretary of the council, Sir Richard Bellings; next, in their purple garments and pectoral crosses, the Archbishops of Cashel and Dublin, and the Bishop of Clogher, who had met the Nuncio at the foot of the grand staircase; and then came the Nuncio, walking between Gen. Preston and Lord Muskerry, who had escorted him from his residence, and followed by his Italian retinue.

Then commenced the proceedings. The secretary ushered the Nuncio into the presence of the Lord President. Mountgarret rose with grave dignity from his seat, without advancing a single step, and, as soon as the ceremony of presentation was over, motioned the the Pope's minister to a seat beside him. The act was accompanied with a haughty bearing and frigid reserve, ominous of the unhappy differences which afterwards existed between the twain. However, Rinuccini courteously took the seat assigned him—a chair covered with gold and crimson damask, to the right of that occupied by the president, both chairs being so placed that it were difficult to say which was the centre one. He then handed his credentials to Mountgarret, who ordered the secretary to read them aloud. The reading finished, Rinuccini addressed the assembly in Latin, declaring the object of his mission, which was, he said, "to sustain the king, then so peculiarly circumstanced, but above all, to rescue from pains and penalties the people of Ireland, and to assist them in securing the free and public exercise of the Catholic religion, and the restoration of the churches and church property, of which fraud and violence had so long deprived their rightful inheritors."

The assembly was next addressed in an earnest and patriotic speech by the Bishop of Clogher, Hebef MacMahon, after which the Nuncio imparted the apostolic blessing to all present. He then withdrew, with his retinue. The prelates accompanied him as far as the grand entrance to the castle; and Preston, Muskerry and a guard of honor escorted him to the saloon of his own domicile, the doorway of which was now distinguished by the insignia of his nunciature—a shield bearing the Papal tiara and keys, with a dove holding an olive leaf in its beak.

The shades of the November evening were closing over the Marble City when Rory O'Moore and our hero parted—parted for the last time.

"Heaven be praised for what we have seen and heard today," said the former, as he shook O'Tracy's hand; "you have right good news to carry with you to the brave army of the North, which I hope you may reach in safety. Good-bye, and God bless you."

Next day Edmund left Kilkenny, en route for Ulster. He never saw the Organizer again.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

VASSAR'S MATHEMATICS.

One of Its Graduates Taught That Eight Gills Make a Pint.

She was a Vassar girl, and she had come to visit her sister. The sister just at this time is paying particular attention to a very small girl who will call the Vassar young woman auntie when she gets so she can talk. Besides the three mentioned females there were in the family a husband (who didn't count for much at this juncture) and a hired girl who was empress of all she surveyed.

One morning the hired girl thought it was just about time for her to visit the World's fair. Accordingly she packed her trunk and walked out, first putting a large baking of bread and two cakes in the oven. Two or three hours later the Vassar girl strolled out into the kitchen for something or other and discovered the bread and cakes burned to a crisp. Then she said several things in Greek and instituted a search for the empress. But the empress was no more. The family consultation which followed brought out the fact that the husband was obliged to eat once a day at least, and the Vassar girl boldly threw herself into the breach and declared that she would cook.

She pushed back the bangs from her classic brow, rolled up the sleeves of her empire gown and began to cook. Things ran smoothly until it came time to make the coffee. Now, it so happens that the husband is a crank about his coffee. He likes it strong. The Vassar girl knew this, and she went in to her sister and asked for instructions. The sister gave the instructions very minutely. There were a certain number of gills of water to be used and a certain number of tablespoonfuls of coffee. Dinner time came, and when the coffee was poured out it was found to be that pale, old gold color so much affected by the coffee of boarding houses. Not a word was said, but at the next meal the Vassar girl was nervous. Coffee was poured out, and it was very, very blond.

"Say," said the husband, who still continued to count for but very little, "what's the matter with this coffee?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the Vassar girl. "I made it just as I was told to."

The coffee was paler than ever at the next meal. The husband ventured to kick, but was promptly squelched. At the next meal it was so weak that the flavor could not be smelled, to say nothing of being tasted. The Vassar girl was low in her mind, but she still maintained a bold front. "I'm following your wife's recipe," she said chillingly to the husband. I don't know that it's my fault that it isn't strong."

Dinner time came around and with it the coffee, which was but a ghost of what coffee should be. The husband looked at that which had been poured out for him and remarked, "Sure you make this stuff right, sis?"

"Certainly," replied the Vassar girl. "Don't you suppose I know enough to follow simple directions?"

"Dunno," said the husband.

"What do you mean?" asked the Vassar girl, with fine indignation.

"Oh, nothing," replied the husband pacifically, "only it's blamed funny."

The Vassar girl looked unutterable things, and the meal proceeded in silence. Finally the husband broke out, "Say, sis, do you use that gill cup in measuring the water?"

"Yes," replied the Vassar girl shortly.

"Well, how many gills are there in a pint down at Vassar?"

"Is this a kindergarten?" asked the Vassar girl.

"No, but I just thought I would ask you."

The Vassar girl smiled a smile of infinite scorn. "At Vassar, just as everywhere else," she said loftily, "there are eight gills in a pint."

And the husband was brute enough to laugh.—Buffalo Express.

The Original Wedding Cake.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning of the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century and was then composed of solid blocks, laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cakes inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.—New York Sun.

The Bull Was Scared.

An amusing incident is said to have occurred recently when one of the Armours, the great beef and pork packers of Chicago, was traveling in Spain. He was taken by a grandee of Madrid to see the national sport. When the bull came in, he sank on his knees and refused to move. Then the director called the toreador and inquired the cause of the trouble, to which the toreador replied, "Ah! senor, ze bull 'ave seen ze great Armour of Chicago sitting with your excellency, and sere is no fight left in him."—London Tit-Bits.

Gradations of Color.

A very stylish young lady, taken unawares, sent Battista, her manservant, to buy her a pair of gloves with all dispatch.

"Let them give you a pair of flesh colored ones."

Battista returned with a pair of dark brown gloves.

"Did I not tell you to bring a flesh colored pair?"

"Well," said Battista, holding out his hands.—Illustrazione Popolare.

No Comparison.

"Women are cats," snapped Jarley viciously.

"Nonsense," said Dawson. "Did you ever see a woman trying to climb a fence?"—Brooklyn Life.

Extreme High and Low Temperatures.

Recent scientific discoveries have made possible the use of higher temperatures than had before been reached, and the application of the electric current has given a degree of heat hitherto considered unattainable. In the opposite direction a French scientist, M. Pietet, has been experimenting and has succeeded in producing the extraordinary low temperature of 273 degrees centigrade (491 degrees F.) below the freezing point, a degree of cold almost incalculable to our senses. These researches in the direction of both high and low temperatures are not simply matters of scientific curiosity, but are of substantial use, since they open new fields of chemical research and permit changes and combinations which have been considered possible, but impracticable with the means at command.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Methods of Some Authors.

In The Writer Dr. Erichsen of Detroit has an article on how authors write. Darwin, we are told, wrote on scraps of paper as he traveled around in his sulky. Chateaubriand required all the luxuries of the craft in the way of desk, pens, paper and ink when he wrote. Dr. George Ebers writes on a lapboard. Ordinarily he writes with great ease, but "sometimes the composition of a stirring chapter so mercilessly excites him that great beads of sweat appear upon his forehead and he is compelled to lay down his pen unable to write another line."

Some authors write at night, others in the morning, and all of those here mentioned, except the ladies, enjoy the stimulatus afforded by tobacco. Anna Katharine Green finds her stimulant in her scrapbooks, while Kate Field stimulates herself with hot water.

Doubly Insulted.

Biblelot—Tiens, canaille! What do you mean by writing to my wife and calling her your "belle Marie?"

Pipelot—Mille pardons, m'sieur. I—I thought the lady was your daughter.

Bibelot—Sacre bleu! Worse still.—Vogue.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

The first military order issued by General Grant, dated July 2, 1861, and appointing Colonel E. T. Dawson quartermaster of the Twenty-first Illinois, is in possession of Colonel Dawson, who is said to have refused $3,000 for it.

The last words of John Locke were, "I have lived long enough, and I am thankful I have enjoyed a happy life; but after all look on this life as nothing better than vanity."

The largest private collection of minerals in America is supposed to be that off Clarence L. Bement of Philadelphia. Its estimated value is $125,000.

Duval, the Paris anarchist, said he should like to shake somebody's hand before he died, and that was all, but his sentence was commuted.

William Keown was killed at Illiopolis, Ills., by being kicked by a horse.

The 4-year old son of Charles Anderson was crushed to death at Eau Claire, Wis., by an electric car before his father's eyes.

The safe in the roller mill at Marshall, Ills., was blown open by burglars and about $25 in change taken.

⁂

Thomas Montague, 12 years old, was drowned while swimming in the excavation of a stone quarry at Lima, O.

A company has been formed in New York to reproduce some of the most attractive exhibits now being shown at the World's fair.

F. A. Smith, a mail agent arrested at Austin, Minn., has confessed to robbing the mails of $1,000. He was taken to Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Philip Milligan was struck by a Michigan Central express train at Battle Creek, Mich., and instantly killed.

Frederick Harold of Hancock county, Ills., was dragged to death by a horse at Hamilton.

Bloodshed is feared at Bedford, Mo., when negroes are placed in the mines.

A daughter of S. Clark, 20 years old, living at Keysport, Ills., was killed by being kicked by a vicious horse.

YOU CAN SEE IT, perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you help that *lasts*. Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, Sick or Billious Headaches, and all derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SQUARE offer of $500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I* say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.
Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE HOUSE COMMITTEES.

WILSON SUCCEEDS SPRINGER ON THE WAYS AND MEANS.

Sayers of Texas Succeeds Holman on the Appropriations—Mr. Bland Retains the Chairmanship of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The speaker has announced the appointment of the following chairmen of committees: Elections—O'Ferrell of Virginia. Ways and Means—Wilson of West Virginia. Appropriations—Sayers of Texas. The Judiciary—Culberson of Texas. Coinage, Weights and Measures—Bland of Missouri. Banking and Currency—Springer of Illinois. Foreign Affairs—McCreary of Kentucky. Interstate and Foreign Commerce—Wise of Virginia. Rivers and Harbors—Blanchard of Louisiana. Merchant Marine and Fisheries—Fithian of Illinois. Agriculture—Hatch of Missouri. Military Affairs—Outhwaite of Ohio Naval Affairs—Cummings of New York. Postoffices and postroads — Henderson of North Carolina. Public Lands — McRea of Arkansas. Inhian affairs—Holman of Indiana. Territories—Wheeler of Alabama. Railways and Canals—Catchings of Mississippi. Private Land Claims—Pendleton of West Virginia. Manufactures—Page of Rhode Island. Mines and Mining—Weadock of Michigan. Public Buildings and Grounds—Bankhead of Alabama. Pacific Railroads—Reilly of Pennsylvania. Levees and Improvement of the Mississippi River—Allen of Mississippi. Education—Enloe of Tennessee. Labor—McGann of Illinois. Militia—Forman of Illinois. Patents—Covert of New York. Invalid Pensions—Martin of Indiana. Pensions—Moses of Georgia. Claims—Bunn of North Carolina. War Claims — Beltzhoover of Pennsylvania. District of Columbia—Heard of Missouri. Revision of the Laws—Ellis of Kentucky. Expenditures in State Department—Lester of Virginia. Expenditures in Treasury Department—Barwig of Wisconsin. Expenditures in War Deparment—Montgomery of Kentucky. Expenditures in Navy Department—McMillan of Tennessee. Expenditures in Postoffice Department—Oates of Alabama. Expenditures in Interior Department—Turner of Georgia. Expenditures in Department of Justice—Dunphy of New York. Expenditures in Department of Agriculture—Edmunds of Virginia. Expenditures on Public Buildings—Crain of Texas. Library—Fellows of New York. Printing—Richardson of Tennessee. Civil Service—Deforest of Connecticut. Election of President and Vice President—Fitch of New York. Ventilation and Acoustics—Shell of South Carolina. Alcoholic Liquor Traffic—English of New Jersey. Irrigation of Arid Lands—Cooper of Indiana. Immigration and Naturalization—Geissenhainer of New Jersey.

WILLIAM L. WILSON.

Springer Greatly Surprised.

When asked for a statement of the reasons which impelled the speaker to depose him from the chairmanship of the ways and means committee, Mr. Springer replied:

"To say that I am surprised at my deposition from the chairmanship of the ways and means committee and appointment as chairman of the committee on banking and currency is only a feeble expression of the truth. I have had no intimation from the speaker whatever as to his failure to reappoint or as to his intention to make me chairman of the other committee. I go from the work to which I have given the best study of my life to a committee to the business of which I have given but little attention heretofore. I know nothing of the motives of the speaker or the object that he had in view. He has assured me that he desired to do that which he thought was best for the country and the Democratic party. I hope he is not mistaken, but opinions may differ. I do not care to make a further statement at this time."

PROSPECTS BRIGHTER.

Many Iron Mills in the Vicinity of Pittsburg Resume Operations.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 21.—There is plenty of smoke issuing from countless chimneys of many iron mills in the vicinity of Pittsburg. The Sligo works of Phillips, Nimick & Co. have gone into full operation. Three thousand men are at work at Jones & Laughlins and every department is at work except four mills and the sheet iron rolls. The United States Iron and Tinplate company's works are in partial operation, as is also the Lockhard Iron and Steel company at Chartiers.

The Black Diamond Steel works started in full, giving employment to 4,000 men. Outside of the city there was a partial resumption at reduced wages at the National Tube works at McKeesport. Three open hearth furnaces were placed in operation at the Carnegie Homestead plant. The Oliver Coke Furnace company fired 100 ovens at Uniontown employing 300. Before the end of the week it is expected that other large plants will be placed in operation.

Dug Up Two Skeletons.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 18.—Laborers in south Peoria dug up the skeletons of a boy and a man. They are presumed to be the remains of a shoemaker and his son who disappeared seven years ago, the day the old man received several hundred dollars from Germany. No one remembers the names and an investigation has been set on foot.

Banking Matters at Denver.

DENVER, Aug. 18.—The National Bank of Commerce has opened its doors for business. It is the first to do so, though bankers are of the opinion that the others will follow in a few days. Charges of fraud have been made against the officers of the People's Saving bank which, if proved, will send them to the penitentiary.

THE DAY IN CONGRESS.

Numerous Bills Introduced in the Senate—Silver in the House.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The silver debate was opened in the house by Powers, Republican of Vermont, in favor of repeal. The purchasing clause should be repealed unconditionally, he said, because it was vicious in principle and dangerous in application. Hooker, Democrat of Mississippi, spoke against the repeal, believing that no relief would come to the country from that repeal. The president said that the depression came from a lack of confidence. The lack of confidence was not in the great masses of the people, but in the great money institutions that were locking up the currency of the country.

After the announcement of the committee appointments on motion of Bland Saturday next was set apart for general debate instead of five minute debate on the repeal bill.

In the Senate.

In the senate numerous bills which had been introduced and were pending in the last congress were reintroduced and referred to committees. A substitute for the national bank currency was offered by Pfeffer, proposing the issue of $250,000,000 of treasury notes, to be deposited in the treasury and to be available as cash. A resolution was offered by Chandler declaring that there was no lawful election of United States senator in Kansas when Martin was declared elected; also one looking to the opening of a coast line of waterways. These were referred to committee.

Morrill asked and obtained indefinite leave of absence on account of ill-health. He then addressed the senate in favor of the bill reported from the finance committee last Friday to discontinue the purchase of silver bullion.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

The Republicans Gain Forty-Eight Seats and Lose None.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The result of the balloting for members of the chamber of deputies in 455 electoral districts is now known. The returns show the election of 267 Republicans of all kinds, twelve Conservateures Rallies (the name given to the Conservatives who have accepted the republic), and thirty-seven Royalists. An absolute majority, and at least one-quarter of the number on the voting registers must be obtained to secure election. In one hundred and thirty-nine districts none of the candidates secured the requisite number of votes and consequently by-elections will have to be held in these districts. These elections will be held after an interval of seven days from the general election.

In the district of Gers that M. Paul de Cassagnac has represented since 1876, and in which he stood for election, a re-ballot is necessary. The figures thus far received show the Royalists have lost twenty-six seats. The chamber of deputies consists of 584 members, of whom Algeria returns six and the various French colonies ten. Up to this hour returns have been received from 510 districts. These returns show the election of 309 Republicans, 14 Conservateur Rallies and 44 Conservatives. Reballots will be necessary in 144 districts. Thus far the figures show that the Republicans have gained forty-six seats and have not lost one.

TERRIBLE CROSSING ACCIDENT.

Five Persons Instantly Killed by a Locomotive.

LEROY, N. Y., Aug. 21.—An accident occurred here on the Lehigh Valley railroad crossing at Lake street, in which five people were instantly killed. Their names are L. J. Bovee, Mrs. Bovee, Miss Ola Bovee, Miss Nancy Wycks, all of Leroy; Miss Emma Bowden, daughter of Rev. Samuel Bowden of New York.

The five unfortunates started with a spirited team to drive to church; when on the tracks the east-bound Lehigh Valley "Flyer" struck the forward part of the carriage and a second later the crushed bodies of the occupants were flying through the air. All were mangled beyond recognition. Mrs. Bovee was decapitated. The train stopped and backed up to the scene, but immediately moved onward. It seems to be a case of mutual negligence on the part of the company and the killed.

Fancy Stock at the Fair.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—There was a dress parade of the fancy cattle and horses in the arena of the Stock pavilion. Over two thousand head are on the ground already. There are magnificent specimens from Canada, Germany and Russia. His imperial highness, the Grand Duke Dimitry, exhibiting the horses from that country. The Russian stalls are decorated in blue and red. The judging will begin at once, Shorthorn cattle and Suffolk Punch horses being the first class that will be judged.

Terrible Tragedy at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Douglass Curtis, for several years a conductor on the Burlington road and latterly a switch tender at Sixteenth street and the Western Indiana tracks, rounded up a week's dissipation by the enactment of a triple tragedy when he shot his 7-oear-old daughter dead, wounded his wife and put an end to his own life with the same pistol.

Murder at a Camp Meeting.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 21.—A dispatch to The Enquirer from Carlisle, Ky., states that a double murder took place at the camp meeting at Hark's Hill. James Payne of Fleming and Mort Ferguson of Blue Lick Springs fought, the former with revolver, the latter with knife. Ferguson was mortally wounded while Payne was cut to pieces and will die.

Bank Officers Charged With Larceny.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 21.—Warrants have been sworn out before Justice Latshaw for the arrest of President J. C. Darragh and Cashier E. C. Sattlee, of the defunct Kansas City Savings bank. The liabilities are nearly $2,000,000. They are charged with grand larceny in receiving deposits knowing the bank was insolvent.

Laid Off Over 2,000 Men.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—The Evening Sun says: The discharge of a number of men at the Havemeyer sugar refinery in Williamsburg brought to light the fact that about 2,300 men have been laid off during the week. There is now a probability that the entire force of about 3,000 men will be laid off this week.

Not Parted by Death.

NEWPORT, Ark., Aug. 21.—Lee Bentley, a young farmer, seeing that his wife was about to die, swallowed laudanum with fatal effect. His wife breathed her last soon after he had expired. They are to be buried together.

DEATH AND DESTITUTION.

Boomers on the Border of the Cherokee Strip in a Bad Box.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Aug 18.—Thousands of people who went to the border of the Cherokee strip last spring when the announcement that the new land was to be opened, have been driven by absolute want back to the towns and villages. Since their stay here among strangers many little children have died from change of climate, water and the exposure of a camp life which many families have been compelled from lack of funds to put up with. Nearly every day can be noticed several funeral processions wending their way to the cemetery, and the mourners who in some instances rode in the same wagon with the dead, were in many cases the only ones who followed the remains to their last resting place.

There has been no work of any kind, excepting during the hay making season, and the early arrivals have simply waited until their last rations were consumed and last cent gone and then given up in despair and gone back. Another thing caused many to return. It was the failure of the First National bank here, which closed its doors during the month of June. Many depositors were well to do people who sold all they had in other states expecting to come to this new Eldorado, undergo the hardships of pioneer life, earn a livelihood, build homes and spend what they brought with them to gain this end. The failure of this bank left many of this class not a dollar in the world outside that institution. Hardly a day passes that a covered wagon or something else belonging to an importunate homeseeker is not sold at public auction on the streets.

TO KEEP OUT "SOONERS."

Plan of Procedure for the Opening of the Cherokee Strip.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Commissioner Lamoreaux has formulated a plan of procedure in the opening of the Cherokee land strip which is designated to keep out "sooners," cowboys, and other professional claim-jumpers. Each intending settler must register, obtain a certificate that he has not exhausted his homestead right and that he intends to become a bona fide settler. He is then given a badge showing that he is entitled to join in the race for a claim.

It was the original intention to open the strip Sept. 16, and the proclamation, with this date included, has been sent to the president. The arrangement of the details of the new plan may, however, delay the opening a couple of weeks, though Secretary Hoke Smith thinks not. If a delay is necessary the date will be changed before the proclamation, which is set for Wednesday next, is made public.

Suicide of a Physician.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 21.—Dr. David G. Foster of Grafton, twelve miles out on the Panhandle railroad, fired a bullet into his brain with fatal effect. That his mind was affected there can be no question. He arose at an early hour and visited a patient. Returning home he greeted his family pleasantly and retired to his room to await breakfast. A moment later a shot was heard. His wife hurried to the room and found him lying on the bed with a revolver in his grasp and a stream of blood flowing from a wound in his head. Surgical aid was summoned, but the self-murderer never regained consciousness.

Mysterious Suicide.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Considerable mystery surrounds the tragic death of C. M. Hammeal of Plainfield, N. J., who committed suicide in Lincoln park by shooting himself in the head with a revolver, death resulting almost instantly. An examination of his clothing was made and several letters were found which indicated that the unfortunate man had left his home under a cloud and was in momentary fear of being killed by some one whom he had wronged. The authorities at Plainfield have been communicated with concerning his death and the police are awaiting an answer which will probably clear up the mystery surrounding the case.

Killed During a Storm.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Nothing like the electric storm and rainfall which swept over this city and vicinity Saturday night and Sunday has been seen in years. Deaths resulted and severe damage was done to property by flood and fire. The deaths due to the storm were these: John Colson, living at East Sixty-first street, struck by lightning at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and instantly killed. Michael Debello, drowned by the flood which poured into the cellar in which he slept at 245 Fourth avenue, Williamsburg. H. E. Hurned of South Plainfield, N. J., crushed in the collapse of a bathing pavilion in which he had taken refuge.

Failure in Groceries.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 21.—The Greeley-Burnham Grocery company made an assignment to C. B. Burnham, the junior member of the firm. The assets are said to be approximately between $300,000 and $400,000 and the liabilities are between $200,000 and $300,000. The cause of the assignment is inability to realize on the assets as a result of the present financial stringency. According to the statement of officers of the company the assignment is not as serious as would appear at first glance. They claim that it is really a liquidation in court instead of out of it.

Mother and Three Children Drowned.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 21.—A woman and three children were drowned in the Missouri river, twenty-four miles below here. The woman was known as Sis Forter and was a bad character. While attempting to effect a landing at Burnetts mills the man whom she had employed to take her there let the boat run under a barge. The boat was capsized and "Sis" Forter and her three children—Mary, aged 13; Johnnie, aged 7, and Bessie, aged 3—were carried under the barge.

For Governor of Virginia.

RICHMOND, Aug. 18.—The Democratic state convention held here nominated Charles T. O'Ferrell for governor and R. C. Kent for lieutenant governor.

At 2:30 in the morning the convention renominated R. Taylor Scott for attorney general amid a scene of great confusion. The platform which indorsed the money and tariff planks of the national platform was adopted. All efforts to secure the introduction of a free coinage plank failed.

Will Abandon Two Trains.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 22.-The Missouri Pacific road will next Thursday still further reduce expenses by abandoning two passenger trains between this city and St. Louis. Their crews will be put on the extra list till business is better.

STRIKE IS ON AGAIN

Kansas Coal Mine Affairs Promise More Turbulence.

THE MEN REJECT DEVLIN'S OFFER

President Walters, of the Miners' Union, Threatens Violence to All Who Go to Work—Parade of Unemployed at Newark, N. J., Called Down by the Mayor for Carrying the Black Flag—Hungry Men at Chicago.

TOPEKA, Kas., Aug. 22.—At a delegate convention of strikers at Pittsburg, Kas., presided over by President Walters, the Devlin proposition was unanimously rejected on account of the contract and "ironclad" rules and regulations attached thereto. In a resolution passed by the convention the contract and rules and regulations were denounced. Mrs. Baker, the owner of the Durkee shaft near Weir City, created considerable excitement by going to the office of Mr. Durkee, the lessee, and informing him that if he shipped negro miners in to work for him she would cancel the insurance policies and burn the works before the property should be depreciated in any such a manner.

Trouble Brewing at Leavenworth.

A dispatch from Leavenworth says that nothing is being done in the mines there. Trouble is certainly brewing and some declare the strike is taking on a serious aspect. There is even talk of bloodshed and destruction. Fifty-six negroes who had been hired to come here and work in the North shaft arrived from the south Saturday night and the intention was to take them into the shaft. A great deal of work for the accomplishment of a certain purpose was done by striking miners Sunday. Some of them worked on the credulity of the new arrivals, while others waited upon the tender of the shaft and, it is reported, informed him that if he took the imported negroes into the shaft his home would be blown up with dynamite.

Walters Threatens Violence.

Private telegrams received here from Frontenac state that President Walters, of the Coal Miners' union, threatens violence to all men who go to work in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad company's mines under the agreement entered into between the company and individual signers last Friday. Walters called a meeting Sunday at which he said that the union must be recognized and that if the men went to work without its sanction he would lead 2,000 union men to Frontenac and drive the "scabs" out of the mines.

PARADE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

It Carries the Black Flag, But Fails To Be Impressive.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 22.—The parade of the unemployed workingmen through the streets of this city has taken place. There were about 200 men and boys in line. At the head of the procession a man marched bearing a black flag upon which was painted in white letters: "Signs of the times: I am starving because he is fat." The picture of a well-fed man was displayed on one end of the flag and a starving workingman on the other. When the procession reached the city hall Mayor Haynes ordered the black flag lowered, declaring that no one could march through Newark's streets carrying any flag except the stars and stripes. The men were all well-dressed and did not look hungry.

Declared They Were Starving.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—At a meeting of the committee of labor union men which has charge of the relief measures for the benefit of the unemployed at this city Chairman McCune, after several fiery speeches had been made, said that he would like to hear from any brother who had not spoken, and in response two men stood up and speaking in broken voices said they were hungry; that their families were starving and that they could get no work at their trades. Sympathy was manifested in the shape of a collection which netted $10 apiece for the needy men.

Union of the Unemployed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22.—The unemployed in this city have formed an organization entitled the United Brotherhood of Labor. It has, so far, about 3,000 members, and has already established a free employment agency and is constructing a free soup kitchen which will shortly be ready for use. The organization has skilled can makers among its members who propose to take the places of Chinese in the canneries and other institutions employing such labor.

Idle Men Attack an Officer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—When the whistle blew for work at Armour's packing house a crowd of unemployed gathered and assaulted Police Officer Dolly, who had ordered them away. A serious disturbance was narrowly averted and the officers on duty succeeded in arresting one of the disturbers.

Signs of the Times.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Among the indications of the existing condition in financial affairs are the following facts:

At Denver—The Peoples' National and Union National, two of the suspended banks, have opened their doors for business.

At Pittsburg—Seven large industrial establishment have resumed in part or wholly, giving employment to several thousand men.

At Springfield, Ills.—The rolling mills which have been idle for several weeks hava resumed operations.

At Chicago—Armour & Co. have received $500,000 in gold from Europe and will obtain $500,000 more in a few days.

Attica, Ind.—The Citizen's National bank will reopen its doors in a few weeks.

Over 1,000 'longshoremen have struck on the Mallory, Ward and Clyde lines at New York against a reduction of 5 cents an hour in their wages.

At New York—A thousand men, women, and children were fed by a saloonkeeper at East Broadway and Division street.

At Denver—One hundred men employed on the sewers of the city have struck because Contractor Hindey reduced their wages to $1.20 a day.

At Greeley, Colo.—The Greeley National bank has opened for business. The Union National will probably reopen next Monday.

The Parkesburg Iron works at Parkesburg, Pa., has temporarily shut down for the first time in fifty years. About 300 hands are thrown out of emplayment.

At Chicago—The Q. and C. company, railway supplies, has gone into the hands of a receiver. Liabilities, $114,000; assets abundant.

At Pueblo, Colo.—The Central National has reopened for business.

Butchers and machinists to the number of about 200 employed in the packing houses at Kansas City of Armour & Co., Swift & Co. and Swartzchild & Sulzberger have struck against 10 per cent. reduction in wages.

At St. Louis—The Niedringhaus tinplate works will start up next week, giving employment to 2,000 men.

The Havemeyers at New York have ordered resumption of work in the sugar refineries which will give employment to 4,000 hands.

LIVE STOCK ON EXHIBITION.

The Greatest Show of Its Kind Now in Progress at the Fair.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—There has never been a live stock exhibit on the American continent equal to that which has opened in the big pavillion at the south end of the fair grounds. The barns are now filled with fine representatives of the leading breeds of horses and cattle. This great exhibit will embrace over 1,200 head of horses and 1,000 head of cattle. Hon. R. B. Ogilvie, of Madison, Wis., one of the leading exhibitors of Clydesdale horses, was seen in the Clydesdale barn: He said he was looking forward to the live stock exhibit with the deepest interest. "Speaking of Clydesdales," he continued, "I will say that the exhibit which will be seen here has never been approached on this continent and rarely, if ever, equaled in Great Britain, either in point of numbers or excellence of animals.

"Of special interest to Americans will be the great exhibits of the Russian and the German governments, the former showing Orloff trotters and the latter the celebrated coach horses of that country. The imperial stud of his majesty the czar will be well represented. There will also be seen fine specimens of English hackneys and Cleveland bays, the latter being the celebrated coach horse of Yorkshire. In short, the best representatives of all the equine families will be here at this Columbian show in such numbers as were never before witnessed. The opportunities for studying and comparing the different breeds here have never been equaled."

Antoine Brosseau, of the backwoods of Upper Ontario, Canada, an illiterate French Canadian, who nevertheless was bound to see the fair has arrived there in an old leaky point which he found abandoned in the woods aforesaid, and which he has paddled for 1,000 miles with only a dog for companion.

The programme for colored American day Aug. 25, at Festival hall next Friday is one of the special interest. Hon. Frederick Douglass will deliver an oration on "The Race Problem in America," and there will be music and singing by colored artists.

Headquarters for the committee of organization of the Columbian Roman Catholic congress have been opened at the Grand Pacific by W. J. Onahan, the secretary. The congress will assemble in the Art Institute on Monday, Sept. 4.

Paid admissions yesterday were 129,619, which is about 28,000 more than Monday, Aug. 14.

Cable Cars Are Disastrous.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—The cable line here has claimed its third victim from among the members of congress. A few months ago Representative Hooker, of Mississippi, was thrown from a cable car and injured so seriously that he was confined to a hospital for many weeks. About ten days ago Oates of Alabama was similarly injured and is still suffering from concussion of the brain. Now Shell of South Carolina has been knocked down and trundled along beneath the fenders of a cable car for some distance. He was badly cut about the head and suffers with concussion of the chest. He was removed to his suite at the Metropolitan.

One Fare to the Great Fair.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Western lines have unanimously agreed to make rates of one fare for the round trip from all points in Illinois for Illinois day at the World's fair. They were not satisfied with cracking the ice on this rate, but broke it into twenty fragments by agreeing to the same rates on the occasion of all other state days at the fair. The rate for Illinois day is not confined to Illinois points. It includes every station within 300 miles of Chicago in western territory.

Shot at a Bush and Killed His Brother.

OIL CITY, Pa., Aug. 22.—A. Smith, of McClintockville, is in camp with his family on the banks of the Allegheny river near Oleopolis. Paul Smith, one of the boys, discharged a load of buckshot from a gun into a clump of bushes near the river. The younger brother, Albert, was missed from the camp. A search resulted in finding him dead in the bushes into which the shot had been fired. He had been instantly killed.

Silverman States His Assets.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Lazarus Silverman, the insolvent banker, made a statement of his assets and liabilities in the county court. According to the showing made the assets amount to $1,608,000 and the liabilities, secured and unsecured, to $1,375,000. Mr. Silverman proposes, if he can secure the co-operation of his creditors, to start up in business again. He is confident his estate will pay 100 cents on the dollar.

Woman and Two Children Cremated.

CHARLESTON, Mo., Aug. 22.—A negro cabin five miles north of here was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by an old negress and several small children. The old woman was a paralytic and was burned to a crisp. An 8-year-old child was so badly burned that she died three hours later and one child 10 years old has completely disappeared and is believed to have been burned to death.

Money Fanciers in Conference.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—The annual convention of the American Numismatic association is in session in Douglas hall in this city, President George F. Heath, of Monroe, Mich., in the chair. A number of standing committees were appointed and the convention adopted a new constitution and by-laws.

Records on the Diamond.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Scores made by League clubs at base ball were: At Baltimore—Louisville 12, Baltimore 9; at Brooklyn—Cincinnati 8, Brooklyn 1; at Philadelphia—St. Louis 9, Philadelphia 8; at New York—Cleveland 3, New York 13; At Boston—No game, rain

Will Abandon Two Trains.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 22.-The Missouri Pacific road will next Thursday still further reduce expenses by abandoning two passenger trains between this city and St. Louis. Their crews will be put on the extra list till business is better.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for th Busy Reader.

Stephen Hamilton, a young farmer, tried to wade the Sangamon river near Petersburg, Ills., and was drowned.

Albert, the yorngest son of Mayor H. A. Young, at Lake City, Minn., accidentally shot and instantly killed Christina Archibald of Minneapolis.

Falling asleep on the tracks of the Louisville Air line near Mascoutah, Ills., Mathias Kamm, a farm hand, was ground to pieces by a train.

The Southern express office in New Orleans was robbed of a bag containing 1,000 silver dollars. There is no clew to the thief.

Olof Housekin, a Webster City carpenter, fell from an Illinois Central train at Duncomb, Ills., while stealing a ride and was picked up in twenty different pieces.

Over 800 delegates and visiting members of the Sons of Veterans and the Ladies' Aid society are at Cincinnati for the national encampment.

Miss Addie Doble of Shelbyville, Ind., was thrown from her phaeton against a shade tree by a runaway horse and sustained injuries which will prove fatal.

The United States Express safe at Waterloo, Ind., was blown open. The vault was not reached. There is no clew.

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The governor of Wisconsin has proclaimed Sept. 4 Labor day.

D. M. Easley was killed at Fostoria, O., by being kicked in the face by a colt.

The Hartford bank of Phœnix, Ari., assigned because an expected assignment of cash from New York failed to arrive.

Mrs. Flora Urwin, the wife of a Chicago printer, drowned herself at Madison, Wis., after receiving a letter that her husband was still out of employment.

The lumber yards of Morris, Merrill & Co., of Salt Lake City, Utah, were almost completely destroyed by fire. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $12,000.

Frank Quigley, a teamster for the Woodstock Brewing company, was found dead under his wagon between McHenry and Woodstock, Ills. He had evidently fallen asleep, driven from the road and tipped over.

Reports of forest fires at Ironwood, Mich., are exaggerated.

William Whitedge is under arrest at Springfield, O., for criminally assaulting Mrs. George Rutherford.

⁂

Eugene Todd, 20 years old, of Elkhart, Ind., died at Bristol, Ind., from injuries received Sunday night. He was lying in a hammock, one end of which was fastened to a letter press. The letter press fell, striking him on the head.

Senator Brice of Ohio, who has been ill for some time, has so far recovered as to be able to leave Washington for a seaside resort near New York.

A freight train on the Illinois Central near Walker, Ills., was wrecked. A dozen cars were destroyed and one unknown man slightly injured.

A surveying corps has left Helena, Mont., to define the route of the Helena, White Sulphur Springs and Castle railroad, which Chicago and Helena capitalists are to build. The road is to be 106 miles long.

Thomas Riddleford, at Belleville, Ills., stabbed Peter Curtis several times and cut his throat from ear to ear. Both are coal miners and were drinking together in a saloon. Biddleford escaped.

Fred Lemerand, a young man, dropped dead at Monroe, Mich., from bursting a blood vessel.

⁂

The boiler of the Wellington roller mills at Lexington, Mo., exploded, killing Engineer Richard Johnson and a boy named Frank Albin.

Miss Helen Gould is planning the erection and endowment of a hospital in New York.

William Daniels is under arrest at Nashville, Ills. He is one of the burglars who have been operating there.

Ed Beno, a laborer, while beside the track apparently asleep was struck by an Illinois Central passenger train at Pana, Ills., and killed.

G. W. Johnson and Alta Goldsmith of Osceola, Neb., were arrested at Peoria, Ills. They eloped and took $400 from Johnson's father. A portion of the money was recovered and the couple released.

Byford E. Cunningham, a conductor on the Ohio and Mississippi road was killed by falling from his train.

Dr. S. B. Doggett, who allied the women of Delphi, Ind., in their crusade against the saloons for selling liquor to habitual drunkards, was brutally beaten by one of the men who had been posted as a drunkard.

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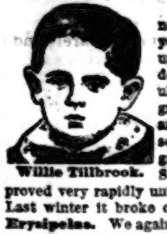
The battleship Oregon will be launched at San Francisco Dec. 28.

John Hogan, an old blind soldier, was found dead at Shelbyville, Ind. In a sack fastened around his right arm the coroner found $1,200 in greenbacks and on each side of him was a large revolver.

Nicholas Udell of Sparta, Wis., was found murdered near Elgin, Minn. It is supposed he became engaged in a quarrel with tramps and was killed.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 26, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Dark Continent."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. M., Elgin, Ill.—Of course, the screed is a clean steal from the editorial columns of THE CITIZEN, but we are used to that kind of thing. We have known one "Catholic" paper to print CITIZEN articles twice over without acknowledgment. A new set of brains would be a God send to some pious editors.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CHICAGO IRISH BOYCOTT "BRITISH EMPIRE DAY."

The British empire had its World's Fair day on Saturday last. Leaving out the Scotch, with their hairy shanks and petticoats, and some bald-headed, side-whiskered, round-bellied, ruddy-hued old gentlemen in carriages, there was not much to the street procession. The Irish acted in a dignified and significant manner. They made no hostile demonstration whatever—their enemies would have been glad if they had—but not an Irishman, properly entitled to that designation, appeared in the thin ranks, outside of a few redcoats who came with the discouraged British military outfit from the Stock pavilion. This was a great object lesson to the British representatives in this city, if they have the common sagacity to appreciate it. In Chicago there are 400,000 Irish people, or their immediate descendants, who are, in the sense of hostility to the British empire, quite as Irish as their parents. Not a man or woman of this enormous mass of former British subjects, or their sons and daughters, put in an appearance. If they saw the British flag at all that day, it was only to curse it, as the blood-dyed symbol of all their misfortunes. Carter Harrison spoke the truth when he alluded to the absence of the Irish and said that they were always ready to plunge a knife into the side of England. How could it be otherwise? England has done everything to make the Irish hate her and hers, and, even now, when a kind of half reconciliation is proposed, in a shame-faced manner, by one English party, the opposition English party is pledged to defeat it. Why, Irishmen would be the veriest clods of clay, if they did not cherish a manly resentment under such conditions.

The daily press, ever adulatory of the British, gave their paltry display a prominence which they never bestow on any Irish demonstration, however large and respectable. The Yankee tendency toward worship of John Bull is one of the great evils of this country, and, if there is any race of people on this earth that the British heartily detest, in their inmost souls, it is the Yankees. They snub them in their "society"—even when they have money—in their press, and in their literature. They regard with an evil eye everything American. In fact, to put the case in a nutshell, they hate the Irishman and despise the Yankee. When our erratic, but often involuntarily truthful, mayor said in his speech that the English ruled the earth, or the English speaking portion thereof, he was correct. When he advocated the annexation of the British empire to the United States, he stirred up the animals. How they growled, and hissed and spat! How they caught up the British "Union Jack" and waved it tauntingly in his face, cheering vehemently the while! Why didn't Carter H. tell them that the Americans converted that emblem into a nosekerchief at Saratoga, Yorktown and New Orleans? The British are great on brag, as Sir Henry Wood showed in his reply to Harrison. It is America, he said, that should be annexed to the British empire. Well, Sir Henry, that can never happen; but we heartily wish the Queen, or the Devil, would "annex" the dudes and flunkeys and renegades of this country who have made the Yankee name odious in Europe by their vulgar airs of superiority to the masses of their countrymen, their slavish imitation of all things foreign, and their perpetually implied contempt for all things American.

THE CITIZEN uses the term "Yankee" in no sense of disrespect to the real Americans, because, after all, "Yankee" is more the national name than "American," which is simply generic, like "European," "African" and the rest. In Great Britain and Ireland, the Americans are almost universally spoken of as Yankees, and, strange to say, small difference is made between the inhabitants of different sections of the country in this respect. The man from Massachusetts is a Yankee, on the other side. So also is the man from Virginia, South Carolina, Illinois or Colorado.

A Canadian orator, at the gab exhibit in Festival hall, had the bad taste to compare Canada in its resources with the United States. Some of these Anglo, or Scoto, Canadians are insufferable bores. They are forever lugging in Canadian politics before American audiences, and assuring our people that they don't desire to be annexed; that they wish "to stand or fall with the British empire," and other nonsense of the kind. These impertinent fellows should be told that the masses of the American people have no desire to annex a paralytic Dominion to a live Republic, and that the Canadians are entirely welcome to their frigid plains, tangled woods, hideous rocks and provincial position, which about suits their mental caliber. The capers cut by these Canadians are enough to make angels weep, if angels ever waste a thought on that mutual admiration society of absurd egotists.

British Empire Day was a newspaper success and nothing more. Outside of the daily press, it had only a circumscribed existence. For once, the Celt, who was driven out "with a vengeance," showed John Bull how disagreeable he could make himself to British interests in this country by simply abstaining from all participation in his imperial show. Never was a richly deserved slap in the face to a tyrant so quietly, and, at the same time, so effectively administered.

GLADSTONE NOT IN FAULT.

THE CITIZEN confesses that it is entirely unable to understand the aims and purposes of the McCarthy-Healy wing of the Irish Parliamentary party. It now appears, on the high authority of Mr. John E. Redmond, that Mr. Gladstone was willing, even anxious, to retain the full strength of the Irish representation at Westminster, but was checkmated by the cowardice, or worse, of the McCarthy-Healy combination. In his speech, as chairman of the Independent National Convention, held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on Aug. 9, bearing on this question, Mr. Redmond said:

"When I moved my amendment in favor of 103 members Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour rose and stated that though they were against 103 members they would vote for 103 members. And then Mr. Gladstone executed what seemed to me the most masterly manœuvre that I ever saw executed in the house of commons. He turned upon these Tories and Liberal-Unionists in the house and said in effect, 'You say you are against 103 members, but you say you are going to vote for 103. Now, I warn you that if you carry 103 we will accept 103.' And if he had been allowed to carry out his manœuvre what would have happened would have been this—103 members would have been retained and the government would have been in a position of saying to the English people, 'We wanted only 80, but the Tory vote insisted upon 103.' In the same speech Mr. Gladstone distinctly stated, as he had stated on the first reading of the bill, that this was a matter for the house of commons, and that any decision the house came to he would accept. Will it be believed, in the face of that situation, without a parallel in my experience in the house of commons, without a parallel for its advantages to Ireland—will it be believed that the parliamentary leader, or one of the parliamentary leaders of our opponents rose, and, to the manifest disgust and amazement of Mr. Gladstone, said that he and the majority of the Irish Nationalist members would vote for 80 as against 103, the result being that Mr. Gladstone's masterly manœuvre was thrown away and wasted. The result was that for Ireland 80 members have been put on the face of this bill instead of 103, and I ask you seriously to consider what was the motive. They talk of factionism. There was not a man among them who did not in his heart know that 103 should be put in instead of 80. There was not a man among them who did not know, after Mr. Gladstone's statement, that the government, so far from being injured, would have been strengthened had the Tory party been successful in keeping 103 members in the bill. What was their motive—they who denounce factionism? I say solemnly here that in my opinion their only motive was this, that the amendment had been moved by an Irish Nationalist member whom they desired to rob of whatever little credit belonged to him. Now, gentlemen, surely Irish National politics have come to a depth—an undreamt-of depth—of degradation when a motive such as that could induce so-called Nationalist members to vote in favor of the abolition of twenty-three Irish constituencies at a time when the imperial parliament will be considering the land and other vital matters of interest to the nation."

THE CITIZEN is glad that Mr. Redmond has vindicated Mr. Gladstone, but what are we to think of the men who, out of personal spite, voted to partially disfranchise their country. Men who could descend so low are entirely unfit to be trusted with the political destinies of any self-respecting people.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

It is entirely probable that the Irish Home Rule bill will have finally passed the house of commons before this issue of THE CITIZEN sees the light. Although but a feeble and inefficient measure in itself, it declares a great principle, which England can never retract, namely, that Ireland is entitled to rule herself. Because of this vital principle, forced from English reluctance by the superb perseverance of the Irish revolutionists of 1867 and later times, who alone kept alive the national spirit, we hail the passage of the bill as a sign—merely a sign—of Ireland's final deliverance from a hateful yoke. The lords can do as they please now—the principle is asserted and that is the main consideration. The Irish parliament will meet in College Green before three years at the utmost. Glory to God in the highest, and honor ever to the brave, for even this result of generations of struggle and of sacrifice. Moore's prophecy will, at last, be fulfilled:

The nations have fallen, but thou still art young,
Thy sun is but risen, when others have set,
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morn hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam 'round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine forth when the brightest shall fade.

FROM THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

The great and only Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, who has been prophesying defeat for the Home Rule bill ever since it first came upon the Anglo-Irish political stage, is again gloomily jubilant—for Smally, strange mortal that he is, can be gloomy and jubilant at the same time—over the alleged grave dissensions in the Gladstonian camp, in regard to the much debated measure. Here is what the champion Tory-Yankee croaker has to say on the subject, in his latest letter from England:

"LONDON, Aug. 20.—Though the commons has devoted a fortnight to the report stage of Home Rule that measure is so deeply sinking into the mire that in order to extricate it the government has decided to re-introduce the gag in a more stringent form than has ever been known in parliamentary history. The speaker has done all he could to assist by suggesting that points raised and settled in committee need not be again discussed, and the government press justifies the application of the guillotine by saying a fortnight has been enough to deal with every serious amendment shut out by Mr. Gladstone's closure committee. This is a large statement, and few people outside the state wards will believe it. On a bill like this, which strikes at the roots of the Constitution and which was never killed before the country, the Opposition consider it their duty to oppose. The result of the Hereford election, where a strong government candidate was unmistakably beaten on the Home Rule issue, is regarded as a fresh encouragement to thwart the Gladstonian policy. Moreover, there is increasing discontent not only in the provinces but among the Radicals at Westminster. That Home Rule is proving a bigger business than was ever contemplated is now realized. The measure cannot be rushed through parliament without an appeal thereon being made to the constituencies. It cannot even be lifted upward to the lords without further use of the closure, and the resort to this expedient at once is a justification to the upper house to give the bill a short shrift, and lays the ministry—and that a Radical ministry—open to the charge of stifling the freedom of speech. The government now realizes completely that the Home Rule case is so badly discredited that no real grievance can be made against the lords for rejecting it. The ministerial majority has doubtless been maintained, but it is a purely mechanical majority. Ever since it decided at the ministerial instigation to retain the Irish members at Westminster complaints have poured in from provincial wirepullers that the Radical constituencies are growing rebellious. It was this predomination of the Irish political power in the English parliament that provided the most effective texts preached against the Gladstonian candidate at Hereford. * * * After Home Rule will come the supply and it will be open to the Opposition to prolong the supply to the end of September. Even Mr. Gladstone will hardly dare to apply the closure on the supply. The gag is sufficiently odious to moderate Liberals when used in matters of legislation, but to apply such an engine to votes for money would recall the worst actions of the most arbitrary sovereigns. If Mr. Gladstone will forego a sitting in the late autumn the Opposition will probably let him take the supply without serious criticism. The political situation is further obscured by another difficulty. The Welsh members are in almost open rebellion because the prime minister shows no eagerness to pay their pound of flesh. The Suspensory bill has been a fiasco. So they now howl for nothing short of complete disestablishment, and if Mr. Gladstone won't attempt it in an autumn sitting he must promise to make it his leading measure next season. The Welsh thirty have helped him with Home Rule; he must now help them in turn by pulling down the Church of England in Wales. The right honorable gentleman has replied to their demands in a letter as bewildering in its indefiniteness and circumlocution as anything which ever proceeded from his puzzling pen. But Taffy has no sense of humor. He is always desperately in earnest. He threatens to form a cave-in to harass the government unless his demands be explicitely complied with. Thus the week closes amid storm signals and with the prospect of early scenes of animation and violence."

The charge against Gladstone of "stifling free speech" comes with bad grace from the special advocate of a party that allowed hardly any freedom of discussion while it was in power. They rushed through the Irish Crimes' bill, for example, without paying any decent amount of attention to the representations of the members from Ireland. In fact they applied "the gag," as they call it, most mercilessly, but they don't relish its application to themselves.

By the way, this much talked of cloture, or closure, is our American previous question, under another name. It is, in fact, an American provision for the limitation of debate to a reasonable period. Otherwise no practical legislation could ever be reached, as there are men so constituted that they would talk on forever if their mouths were not stopped by some humane rule of the kind. In our congress, the period of debate is fixed by agreement between the recognized leaders of parties, except once in a while, when an unexpected question arises, and resort is had to filibustering, or, as the English, term it, obstruction. But the speaker, if he happen to be a man of nerve, like the late Samuel J. Randall, or the living Thomas B. Reed, manages to shut off the recalcitrants after the first fury of the oratorical storm has spent its force. The closure, or gag rule, is, therefore, as frequently a blessing as a curse.

THE CITIZEN has no faith whatever in the stories of Scotch, Welsh and English Radical defection. It would be simply madness on the part of those elements to antagonize the Irish National members, who are, to do them justice, quite as loyal to the cause of British reform as to that of Irish Home Rule. The parties concerned know this well, and they know also that Mr. Gladstone is more than eager to fill the pledges of the Newcastle programme. The Welsh church establishment is an outrage on the Welsh people, most of whom are dissenters, and should be overthrown. The Irish are not the selfish creatures politically that the Tory British press would seek to make them out. They want justice for Ireland, and will be only too glad to mark their appreciation of their Scotch, Welsh and English Radical ideas by voting in a body for all the great measures in which they are interested.

THE CITIZEN has no doubt whatever that the naked question of Irish Home Rule would be badly beaten in England, if there were an immediate appeal to the country on that issue alone. The Tories, Smalley included, would be glad to see Gladstone commit the blunder of appealing on that single measure to the English constituencies. But he will do nothing of the kind. The house of lords will find itself confronted by all the measures of reform promised by the Gladstone ministry, as well as by the more paramount Irish question. On this group of issues, appealing to every progressive interest in Great Britain and Ireland, Gladstone cannot be beaten. This is why Smalley writhes and cries out.

CAN'T FORGIVE DR. GALLAGHER.

The English were never known to have mercy on political prisoners—especially when the unfortunates happen to be Irish. A report gained currency lately that Dr. Thomas Gallagher, of Brooklyn, whose mind has given way under his misfortunes, had been released from his living grave in an English prison. More recent advices say that the rumor of his release "has drawn from Home Secretary Asquith a declaration which shuts the gate upon all hope of amnesty for this prisoner during the lifetime of the Liberal government. The report originated in a Parnellite paper, and was immediately taken up by the Unionist organs and made the text for a fierce attack upon the cabinet. There were special reasons for Mr. Asquith's emphatic announcement. The recent efforts of Gallagher's friends, who affirmed that the prisoner was insane, finally induced the government to order an examination by an impartial expert. His report, recently made, was that Gallagher was perfectly sane and in sound health."

The idea of an "impartial" English medical expert, where an Irish political prisoner is concerned, is truly laughable. There is hardly an Englishman of any calling, however "liberal," who would not gladly hang poor Gallagher, and all his comrades in captivity, with great satisfaction. The London explosions of ten years ago, no matter by whom perpetrated, shook the nerves of the English to a degree that rendered them ferocious from very fear, and they have, as a majority, remained in that condition ever since. Every nation has its weakness. Some fear noise, like the tribal Asiatics on the Chinese frontier. Some dislike the cold steel. Others are unsteady under fire. Still others go into spasms when epidemics approach, but the English, brave among the bravest where only the ordinary dangers of war confront them, are veritable old women when "infernal machines" are operated against them. This very cowardice, born of abject fear of unseen forces, is the true reason why the English will not forgive, or release, Dr. Gallagher, even though in his frenzy he should maim himself in his cell. They cannot forgive the man they suspect of having scared them into a recognition of Ireland's wrongs. Poor Gallagher, therefore, is likely to remain a prisoner until Death, kinder than the ferocious English, sets him free.

"IRISH DAY" AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE CITIZEN hopes that the promoters of Irish Day, at the World's Fair, will abstain from having a parade down town. The place for that is in the World's Fair grounds, and there is no use in wasting energy outside of them. The greatest triumph the American Irish could achieve would be to swell the attendance at the Fair, on Sept. 30, beyond anything previously recorded, and thus prove to non-Irish Americans their spirit of practical patriotism. We understand that a congress will be held in Festival Hall by the Irish on that day.

Surely there will be no lack of writers and orators, if they are called upon. We may mention, for example, Eugene Davis, of Boston; Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University; Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago; the Hon. Daniel W. Lawlor, of St. Paul; the Hon. Christopher A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis; Matthew J. O'Doherty, of Louisville; the Hon. Alexander L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N.M.; the Hon. James W. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Kas.; Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago; the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston; the Hon. Richard McCloud, Durango, Colo.; the Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha; the Hon. James O'Brien, Supreme court, Las Vegas, N.M.; William Dillon, Chicago; Hon. Lawrence Harmon, of Chicago; Hon. John Gibbons and M. P. Brady, of Chicago; Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, Chicago; Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia; Hon. John Powers, of Wisconsin; H. J. Desmond, of Milwaukee; Hon. William K. Sullivan, of Chicago; Thomas O'Neill Russell, of New York; Hon. John A. O'Hara, of Peru, Ind.; Henry F. Donovan, W. H. Joyce and Congressman McGann, of Chicago, and scores of others.

In a recent communication to the Chicago *Mail*, Mr. P. O'Sullivan, of South Chicago, observed that the editor of THE CITIZEN has taken no active interest in Irish Day, and had, in fact not signified any intention of taking part in the final proceedings. We would remind Mr. O'Sullivan that it is always "good manners" to wait for an invitation. Furthermore, we wish to remind him that it was the editor of this paper, as president of the United Irish Societies, who recognized Mr. O'Sullivan's claim to be heard on the subject of Irish Day before the convention at Fitzgerald's hall. THE CITIZEN has a very lively interest, Mr. O'Sullivan, in making Irish Day a magnificent success, and will leave nothing undone to achieve that result.

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN TROUBLES.

Every true friend of the Latin-Celtic nations will sincerely deplore what may be truly described as the internecine conflict between French and Italian workmen at Aigues-Mortes, in France, on Friday of last week. The latest reports place the number of Italians slain at over fifty, and, of course, the English press, which, owing to recent French success in Siam, is intensely jealous of French power and enterprise, is doing its utmost to fan the flame of war between the two great kindred peoples. If the French accounts are true, the Italians were in the wrong. If the English accounts are to be believed, the French workmen are guilty of innocent blood. In any case the event is most unfortunate and trouble is almost certain to result from it. There has been more or less of bad blood between the countries since the Italians became a party to the triple alliance which, undoubtedly, menaces Republican France. This alliance is made up of Germany, Austria—Italy's old deadly foe—and Italy herself. The French, who fought, in 1859, "to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" feel that the Italians have been too forgetful of French favors. The Italians claim, with some ground for bitterness, that France paid herself for her labor by annexing Savoy and another old Italian province. Thus the quarrel stands, and nobody can now tell how, or when, it is going to end.

The alliance with Austria seems unnatural on the part of Italy. That power took by force, and held for long and bitter years, the fairest provinces of Northern Italy. Her yoke could never have been shaken off but for the splendid military prowess of the French, made memorable by the brilliant victories of Magenta and Solferino. Germany's help to Italy was indirect, and came when Austria was defeated in "the six weeks' campaign" of 1866. But politics makes strange bedfellows. The Italians of today hate the French much more vehemently than their fathers hated the Austrians. If a general European war should come, and that France should fall, Italy would be certain to feel again the hateful rule of Austria. The overthrow of the French republic would be a signal for speedy Italian dismemberment. There is no genuine love between the countrymen of Garibaldi and the subjects of the House of Hapsburg. All monarchical Europe—Russia alone excepted—is the deadly enemy of republican France. The sight of Gaul a prosperous republic, for more than twenty years, is hateful in the eyes of the hereditary rulers of the European helots. THE CITIZEN would not be surprised to see the Franco-Italian troubles culminate in a general war. But President Carnot is a wise man, and, if the French workmen were in the wrong, he can take a useful leaf from the history of our own trouble with Italy over the New Orleans riot and massacre. It will be no humiliation to France to confess an error and right a wrong.

DEATH OF MAJOR RONAN.

Major Peter Ronan, for nearly twenty years Indian agent at the Flathead Agency, Jocko Valley, near Messoula, Mont., died there on Monday of acute and chronic rheumatism. Major Ronan was born in Ireland, came to America in early youth, fought gallantly in the Union army, and rose, although a mere boy, rapidly in rank. He chose Montana as his permanent home, and was one of its most distinguished and best beloved citizens. He had an intimate knowledge of the Indian character, and displayed such tact and talent, as Indian agent, that he was retained in position under successive administrations. The Indians loved him, believed in him, and were guided by his experience and wisdom in their greatest difficulties. Major Ronan was truly that noblest work of God, a humane and honest man. He was a strong personal friend of the late Thomas Francis Meagher, and received the very last letter he wrote before his tragical death at Fort Benton, Mont., July 1, 1867. The Major married Miss Sheehan, daughter of a prominent Irish-American citizen of Southern California, and the couple were blessed with a large family. His last visit to Chicago was made in June, when he was a guest of his relative, Mr M. Carter, of Austin. THE CITIZEN deeply laments Major Ronan, and sends its profound sympathy to his widow and orphans.

POLICE PROMOTIONS.

Lieut. John Byrne, one of the oldest and most efficient officers on the Chicago police force, has, at last, received his well deserved promotion to a captaincy, vice Capt. Laughlin, promoted to an inspectorship. Inspector Kipley has been appointed assistant superintendent of police.

WHAT INDEPENDENT IRELAND DEMANDS.

Following are the resolutions of the Independent National party of Ireland, adopted at the Dublin convention of Aug. 9, John E. Redmond, M. P., presiding:

"We, the Independent Nationalists of Ireland, in convention assembled, deem it our duty to reassert that no measure of Home Rule will be regarded as final and satisfactory by the Irish people which does not fulfill the conditions laid down by Mr. Parnell in the great National convention of July, 1891, viz 'That the parliament of Ireland shall have full powers over all the affairs of Ireland, including the laws relating to the occupation and ownership of land, and the laws enacted by it shall be subject only to the veto of the Crown or the representatives of the Crown in Ireland; the Irish executive shall be dependent upon this parliament, and shall have control over the constabulary as well as the appointment of all judges and magistrates; the statutory power of the lord lieutenant to raise, equip, maintain and control the constabulary shall be repealed.

"That the distress and alarm expressed by the National convention of March last with respect to the leading features of the Home Rule bill, have been justified by the refusal of the government, and their subservient Irish following, to amend or improve it in committee; the manifest injustice of its financial provisions and constitution of the proposed legislature, the degrading and petty restrictions with which its action is hampered, the reservation to the imperial parliament of the power to impose and control Irish taxes, and of all power over so many Irish interests of paramount importance in the development of the nation, coupled with the reduction of the Irish representation in the imperial parliament, during the period of such reservation, leave little beyond the mere assertion of the principle of Home Rule to commend the bill to Irish Nationalists, and render it impossible that it could ever be accepted by any considerable section of the Irish people as a full, final and satisfactory settlement of the National question.

"That this convention heartily approves of the efforts made by the members of the Independent parliamentary party to amend the Home Rule bill in the direction recommended by the National convention of March last, and desires to place on record the expression of its unabated confidence in their discretion and their patriotism."

THE FLAG OF FONTENOY.
(1848.)

Air: "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

Comrades, fill up the parting glass
  And drink this toast with me;
Round let the sparkling goblet pass,
  And pledge it warm and free,
'Twill kindle up the patriot's soul,
  And fire his breast with joy,
Then pledge it in a brimming bowl,
  The flag of Fontenoy.

Tomorrow on the battle plain
  Perchance 'twill be our lot
To fall 'mid heaps of mangled slain
  To die and be forgot!
But brush that starting tear away,
  For if we fall, my boy,
High o'er our heads shall proudly wave
  The flag of Fontenoy.

On many a field beyond the sea
  Have our brave fathers stood,
And bore that flag triumphantly
  'Mid fire and flame and blood.
But never yet could foeman's hand,
  Or tyrant's power destroy
The banner of our own dear land,
  The flag of Fontenoy.

In vain perfidious Ensland strove
  To trample and defile,
She ne'er could quench the burning love
  We bear our mother Isle,
And let her send her hireling slaves
  To plunder and destroy;
We scorn her threats while o'er us waves
  The flag of Fontenoy.

On Limerick's walls, the Yellow Ford,
  Cremona's 'leaguered gate,
On Leinster's hills it proudly soared
  In good old Ninety-Eight.
The peasant serf forgot his woes,
  And grasped his pike with joy,
When o'er his native hills arose
  The flag of Fontenoy.

And prouder yet that flag shall wave,
  And higher it shall soar,
O'er Tara's hill and Emmet's grave
  In Erin's Isle once more.
When joined together, heart and hand,
  We'll hail that day with joy,
And plant upon our own dear land,
  The flag of Fontenoy.

Then, comrades, fill your glass with me,
  And drink before we go,
Fill up tonight, tomorrow we
  Shall march to meet the foe.
And if amid the battle's shock
  Perchance we fall, my boy,
High o'er our heads shall proudly float
  The flag of Fontenoy.

—Ex.

IRISH NFWS.

Leinster.

The Dominican Fathers of St. Malachy's celebrated the feast of their glorious founder, on Sunday, Aug. 6, in a manner worthy of the best traditions of their order. At all the early masses great numbers of the faithful received holy communion, and during the duy the church was visited by the people of Dundalk and many excursionists desirous of gaining the plenary indulgence granted on such occasions. At 12 o'clock solemn high mass was celebrated, the celebrant being Very Rev. Father Kenny, prior; deacon, Rev. Father Gannon, O.P.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Sheahan, O.P.; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father O'Kelly, O.P. The panegyric of the saint was preached after the first gospel by the Rev. Father Louis Butler, O.P., Dublin. After the communion, Fatner Butler ascended the pulpit again, and on the part of the prior and fathers of the community, thanked the good people of Dundalk for their generosity on the present as on former occasions. He also returned special thanks to the officers of the Sixth Battalion Royal Irish Rifles (the county regiment) for their generous subscription to the charity sermon. A detachment from each company of the regiment attended the high mass.

The great festival of Portiuncula was celebrated with even more than usual solemnity in the Franciscan Capuchin church, Kilkenny, two weeks ago. Immense crowds of people flocked to the sacred building during the celebration, manifesting by their devotion their strong sense of the great favors which the church bestows during this period within which she opens so wide the doors of grace. On the opening day, Tuesday, a very eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Bonaventus, O.S.F.C., of Our Lady of the Angels, Church street, in which the preacher dwelt at length on the life of the seraphic St. of Assisi, and the events in which the festival which was being celebrated had its origin.

Much grief has been aroused throughout the whole diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise by the death of the Very Rev. Canon Magauran, the young and popular president of St. Mel's college, Longford. The very sad event occurred on Saturday week, in the college, the immediate cause of death being tumor of the heart. Drs. Cochrane, of Longford, and Cox, of Dublin, were called in some time since, and as a result a most painful operation had to be undergone, which it was hoped would have relieved the heart and caused an abatement of the tumor. The latter, however, continued to grow, and despite all that medical skill could do, accomplished its fell work early on Saturday. It is no exaggeration to say that no greater loss than the death of Canon Maganran has been sustained by the church in any part of Ireland for a very long time. Of a highly cultured mind, painstaking and industrious, of immense ability and great determination and force of character, there have been few clergymen in recent years before whom lay a more brilliant career.

Munster.

Last Sunday evening week an inmate of the Cork Lunatic Asylum named Denis Condon, a native of Tipperary, escaped from the keepers, and jumping over the boundary wall plunged into the reservoir of the city waterworks near by and was drowned. The body was recovered after a search of three hours. The incident has caused a very unpleasant feeling among the citizens.

An indignation meeting was held at Kilcorney owing to the recent eviction on the Collins estate. Father O'Keefe took the chair. After some interference on the part of the police the meeting was conducted successfully.

The death is announced of Denis Dee, which occurred at his residence, Strand street, Tralee, county Kerry. Mr. Dee was highly respected by all his acquaintances.

Intelligence has reached Limerick of a serious encounter at Sixmilebridge, county Clare, between the police and a party of excursionists from Limerick. The latter had been to Quin Abbey, and their homeward route was through Sixmilebridge. Two of the party entered a public house, and had a quarrel with two villagers. The row became serious, and the police arrested two civilians. This appears, according to the statements to hand, to have been resented by the others, and the police drew their swords, and one civilian was wounded in the head, and presented a pitiable picture with blood streaming from the cut. Four others were arrested.

Connacht.

The Very Rev. Dr. Philips, P. P., of Roscommon, died recently at the advanced age of 73 years. He had been ill for some time, but his death was considered rather sudden.

Dr. Ambrose, John Dillon's favorite candidate, has been elected member of parliament for West Mayo to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Deasy. Dr. Ambrose was born in Newcastlewest, county Limerick, where he received his primary education at the Christian Brothers' schools. He afterwards continued his studies in Limerick obtained a scholarship in classics in the Queen's College, Galway, finally graduating B.A. in the Queen's University, after which he went to Cork to study medicine. He is a nephew of Dr. Ambrose, M. P. for one of the Louth divisions.

All the fairs held recently were poorly attended, and with the exception of stock in good condition, the prices were low.

Mrs. Bridget Mullen of Collinsville, Mass., died on July 23, at the remarkable age of 107 years. She was born in Clonkeen, near Dunmore, county Galway.

Ulster.

A sad case of drowning is reported from the neighborhood of Inver, a remote part of Donegal. Two brothers named Harvey, aged 14 and 16 years, in endeavoring to cross a ford with cattle were carried off by the stream and drowned. The two bodies were found at a spot near the sea.

A man named John Ross, of Belfast, in the employment of Messrs. McCammond & Son, got killed while carting mortar into a building in the course of erection. An iron beam fell on his head, instantly killing him. He was 50 years of age.

An attack on the Irish Foresters' excursion was made a fortnight ago near the Northern Company's railway, Belfast. The party had been at Tooma for the day. On reaching the city at Canning street a large Orange crowd collected and attacked the excursionists with stones and iron nuts or bolts. The front flag was riddled with the missiles, and at least one young fellow was cut on the cheek with one of them.

Joseph Walker, the Orangeman, who was sentenced in 1887 to twenty years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of Private Hughes, West Surrey Regiment, and Head Constable Gardiner, has been released from Mountjoy prison, Dublin.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. John Cull, Rostrevor, which sad event took place on last Monday week. Mr. Cull had returned about two years ago from Australia, where he made for himself a host of friends, as well by the amiability and uprightness of his character and gentleness of his disposition, as by the patriotic services he rendered to the cause of the old land in that far off country. His illness was of short duration being perfectly resigned and fortified by the last sacraments, he breathed forth his gentle spirit, consoled in his dying moments by the priest and two members of tha good Sisterhood of Mercy. The funeral was one of the largest seen for years in Rostrevor. Not only was the parish of Kilbroney largely represented, but there were enormous numbers from the surrounding towns of Newry, Hilltwon, Rathfreland and West Point, thereby testifying to the very high esteem in which the deceased and relatives were held in Rostrevor and surrounding districts. The chief mouaners were: The Misses Cull, sisters of deceased; Mr. Thomas Cull, Mr. B. O'Rourke, Master Fred Keelty, cousins. The remains were enclosed in a beautiful polished oak coffin with silver mountings, which was literally covered with wreaths and flowers of various designs sent by Protestant and Catholic alike. The funeral arrangements were carried out by J. J. McGrevey, Newry. The friends of deceased, through the columns of the *Irish Catholic and Nation*, beg to thank the many friends, both Catholic and Protestant, for the many sympathetic letters and magnificent wreaths received on this sorrowful occasion.

Important Historical Documents.

The *Century* has just come in possession of one of the most unique and important historical documents of the age. It is a record of the daily life of Napoleon Bonaparte on board the English ship which bore him into captivity at St. Helena, as contained in the hitherto unpublished journal of the secretary of the admiral in charge. The reports of the many conversations held by the admiral with the deposed emperor regarding his important campaigns are given with great fullness, and there is much about the bearing and the personal habits of Bonaparte during the voyage. The Memoirs of Las Cases contain the story of the emperor's deportation as told by Frenchman and a follower; this dairy is an English gentleman's view of the same memorable journey, and of the impressions made by daily contact with the man who had had all Europe at his feet. The dairy will be published in early numbers of the *Century*.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Chuaidh Tadhg air aghaidh, mar sin, acht bhí faitchios mór air, óir is maith do chuimhnigh sé air an rud do bhain dó ag an roilig dheirionnaigh. Chuaidh sé air aghaidh agus a chroidhe ag léimnigh mar cun, mar dubhairt sé fein, acht nuair tháinig sé ı bhfoigse deich slat, no cúig slata deug ó'n m-balla beag ceathar-choirneulach do bhris amach teinteach a bhí geal, buidhe agus dearg, gorm agus bán, agus bhí gach dath d'á bhfuil annsan tuagh-fhearrthanna ann agus chuaidh sé thart thimchioll an bhalla ann aon chúrsa, agus rith sé chomh luath leis an ainleóig annsna speurthaibh, agus dá fhad d'fhan Tadhg is luaithede rith an lasair, go raibh sé air deire go díreach mar fháinne geal dul timchioll na sean-roilge, agus níor fheud duine air bith dul thairis, no loisgfidh go bás go cinnte é. Ní fhacaidh Tadhg ó rugadh é aon amharc do bhí chomh h-aoibhinn áluinn sgiamhach iongantach leis an amharc sin. Thart chuaidh an lasair, agus na drithleoga buidhe bána agus gorma ag léimnigh aisti, agus cidh nach raibh ann 1 dtosach acht líne beag tana, mheudaigh sí gan mhoill go raibh sí air deire 'nna banda mór leathan, agus bhí sí i g-cómhnuidhe ag éirighe níos leithne agus níos áirde agus ag cathadh amach drithleóga is iongantaighe, agus ní bhfuil dath air dhruim na talmhan nach raibh le feicsint annsan teine sin, agus níor shoillsigh teinteach agus níor bhris amach lasair ariamh do bhí chomh soillseach agus chomh geal léithe.

Tháinig uathbhás air Thadhg. Bhí sé féin beag-nach marbh le tuirse agus ní raibh a sháith meisnigh aige le dul níos foigse do'n bhalla. Tháinig ceó air a shúil, agus "suarán" ann a cheann, agus b'éigin dó suidhe síos air chloich mhóir do bhí ann. Ní fhacaidh sé aon rud acht an solas, níor chualaidh sé aon rud acht an sórt crónáin do rinne an solas sin mar do sgríorr sé timchioll an ghuirt níos luaithe ná an teinteach.

Mar shuidh sé ann sin air an g-cloich do chogair an guth arís ann a chluais, "Cill-Brighde, Cill-Brighde," agus d'fháisg an corpán chomh cruaidh sin é gur b'éigin do sgreadaoil amach.

D'éirigh sé aon uair eile go tinn, tuirseach, trillthidhe, agus ghlac sé a bhealach annsan líne do thaisbéan lámh an fhir mhairbh dhó. Chuaidh sé mar sin air aghaidh agus b'fhada a shiúbhal, agus b'olc an bóthar, agus b'fhuar an ghaoth, agus budh trom a uallach, agus budh dubh an oidhche, agus budh beag-nach caithte é féin. Is mar sin d'imthigh sé, agus is cinnte dá mbéidheadh a shiubhal mórán níos faide, thuitfeadh sé marbh faoi n-a uallach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH DAY AT THE FAIR.

The executive committee on arrangements for Irish Day at the World's Fair, Sept. 30, will meet each Thursday evening at headquarters in McCoy's hotel. The sub-committees on invitation are selecting the names of the best and brightest of our people to read papers and deliver orations in Festival hall. The programme will be outlined next week, and will be of a most attractive nature to all friends of dear old Ireland. Mr. J. T. Keating, secretary, is in receipt of hundreds of letters from prominent Irishmen and officers of Irish societies promising large delegations from their respective towns to swell the ranks. The boasts of Britons about their attendance at the World's Fair on British Day has roused the Celt, and it would not be surprising if 500,000 wearing the "sprig of green" would throng the avenues of the White City on Sept. 30. Remember there will be but one Irish Day, and that day will be Sept. 30, 1893. Secretary Keating will be glad to answer all inquiries from organizations or individuals and the assistants at headquarters will be there from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. each day.

A SETBACK TO ARBITRATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

The American people cannot have dust flung in their eyes, nor be made to believe that black is white, in regard to the Bering's Sea arbitration. The decision is entirely pro-English, as was predicted when the constitution of the court was made public. Italy and Sweden are too dependent on England to render a decision against her. Of course our government was mistaken in accepting such arbitrators. But we are cursed by a superfluity of lawyers in every branch of government, and lawyers are prone to take low views of honor and right, as they are always juggling with justice in the courts. The end desired was to assert our property-rights in the fur-bearing animals that inhabit our Alaskan islands. We have no interest in keeping navigators out of Bering Sea; we are determined to keep poachers out. We need not have had arbitration at all if our government had asserted our claim and announced our resolve to enforce it. England would never have gone to war for the sake of a few Canadian thieves. It now is to be decided how the sea is to be policed in future. We have the example of Russia to follow in dealing with the poachers on our preserves. It is said that we shall have to pay damages to Canadian sealers for interfering with their vessels. When they pay damages for their wanton destruction of the herds, it will be time to begin to look into their claims. Roosevelt says that he saw a moving stream of bisons, seventy miles long and thirty miles broad, crossing the plains. In thirty years not a head was left! This illustrates how easily the fur-seal can become extinct through Canadian methods. The fate of America is to be always worsted in a court of arbitration. The object lesson teaches us to build more warships, and depend less on lawyers. Someday, we shall have a president, like Washington, Monroe or Jackson, who will not fear to threaten war in defense of our undoubted rights. Until then we shall be at the mercy of gamesters who play against us with loaded dice. W.

THE overwhelming triumph of the French Republicans at the polls last Sunday cannot fail to be grateful to all lovers of human liberty. THE CITIZEN congratulates the French Republic, and wishes it perpetual success.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Father Treacy is Again a Priest.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21.—The Rev. William P. Treacy, the deposed and excommunicated priest of the Swedesboro Roman Catholic church, yesterday exhibited the document which restores him to the communion of the church and the right to exercise his priestly functions. Father Treacy had a dispute with Bishop O'Ferrell over the removal of Father Treacy's brother, the Rev. Patrick A. Treacy, from the parish of St. Mary's, Burlington, N. J. The Swedesboro resistance to the bishop's course, which was given wide publicity, with the priest's criticisms upon his superior, brought about his deposition just before last Easter. The text of the letter, which was given Father Treacy by Satolli himself, is written in Latin in the clear, bold hand of Dr. Papi, secretary of the delegate. It is dated "Washington, D.C., (the Catholic University), die 11 August, 1893. Apostolice Delegate, United States of America." Beneath this is the number of the communication, "650," with the instruction: "This number should be prefixed to the answer." A literal translation of its contents is:

"I, the undersigned, apostolic delegate in the United States of North America, commend the Rev. William P. Treacy to all bishops in the United States, having removed all censure hitherto existing upon him."

It is signed "Franciscus, Archbishop Satolli, Deleg. Apostol." Questioned as to his future plans, Father Treacy said that at present he would not seek another charge, but would finish some literary work in which he has been engaged.

TRENTON, N.J., Aug. 20.—The ecclesiastical authorities here confirn the truth of the statement that Rev. P. A. Treacy, of Burlington, like his brother at Swedesboro, has been restored to the priesthood. He will be required to apologize to Bishop O'Ferrell, and then will be assigned to a parish in a different diocese.

Seminary Dedicated.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Aug. 20.—St. Bernard's Roman Catholic Theological Seminary, a handsome structure on the boulevard leading to the lake, was dedicated today and pontifical high mass was celebrated by Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, Wis. In the afternoon there was the regular dedication service with pontifical vespers in the presence of 1,000 people. Besides Bishops Messmer and McQuaid, Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, was present; also Rev. James Laughlin, of Philadelphia, first president of the Catholic summer school, and Rev. Raphael Fuhr, of St. Anthony's College, Quincy, Ill., besides numerous priests of the Rochester diocese and students of the new seminary. Bishop McQuaid in his address referred to the appropriateness of dedicating the seminary on St. Bernard's day, and commended the people of the diocese in their liberality. The seminary will open early in September with about twenty students. In reference to the rumored visit of Archbishop Satolli to Rochester, Rev. J. P. Kiernan, rector of the cathedral, states that he is expected within ten days, and that he comes by the bishop's invitation. Nothing is known of his errand.

Corner-stone Laying in Ivesdale.

BEMENT, Ill., Aug. 21.—Yesterday the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Catholic church in Ivesdale was laid with impressive ceremony. The church when completed will cost $30,000. Catholic societies were present from Decatur, Bement, Tuscola, Tolono, Danville and Champaign. The address was delivered by Rev. Father O'Brien, who was assisted by Rev. F. G. Lentz, of Bement; Rev. M. J. Byrne, of Danville; Rev. Father McHenry, of Tolono, and Rev. Father Mackin, of Decatur.

Pope Leo's Name Day.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Yesterday was the feast day of St. Joachim, for whom Pope Leo XIII was named. In his private life his Holiness is Joachim Pecci. In remembrance of the day Archbishop Corrigan sent on Saturday a dispatch to the Pope, in which he said he joined with the delegate apostolic in conveying their best wishes for many happy returns of the feast day. A reply was received on Sunday, in which the Pope said:

"TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK: The Holy Father gratefully received the cablegram expressing your good wishes and that of the faithful of the diocese on this his name day. He rejoices at the indubitable testimony of veneration and loyalty to him and to the delegate of the apostolic see, and affectionately sends his blessing to your most esteemed self and to all the faithful of your diocese."

The message was signed by Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state.

SAYS IT'S THE TARIFF.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 20.—Adverting to the cause of the last presidential campaign (that THE CITIZEN so ably and forcibly predicted) there has never been a time within the memory of the present generation, was there known such dull times and scarcity of money. Where is the $1,661,000,000 that is today in the United States, most of which is as good as gold? Where is the nearly $100,000,000 that has disappeared from the commercial avenues during the last four months? It is a panic brought at a time when we ought to be at the very height of prosperity. We are told that the Sherman bill is the cause of the financial panic. I am of the opinion that the tariff has got a good deal to do with the present financial crisis. As THE CITIZEN predicted, that manufacturers would be the first to scent the battle from afar, they smelled it in the change of administration. Manufacturers don't fail during this panic, they lessened their working forces, and as the clouds grew darker in the financial horizon, they quietly shut down. Mills shut down with millions of money at their back.

The Cobden club, an English political association, through its agency and the disbursement of millions of British gold at the centres of influence in this country, has helped to bring on this financial panic. Yes, and another fatal blow was dealt by the working classes, embracing the Farmers' Alliance and other unions of lesser note. Even three-fourths of the Irish-American voters of the United States voted for the change of the National administration. We shall look to the future and see what can be done by the present administration towards bringing about good times again, and restoring confidence financially to the country.

A CITIZEN.

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

The Custer Massacre and Buffalo Bill.

To those who have before now witnessed the remarkably attractive performance given by Buffalo Bill's Wild West, it would seem that the limit of exciting variety had already been surely reached. When public announcement was made that a new historic feature was to be added to the daily programme by a vivid and realistic reproduction of the famous "Battle of the Little Big Horn," depicting the gallant Custer's last charge, the public was fairly startled. On Wednesday night of last week the first presentation of this memorable event was given, and the great grand stand was crowded with an eager and enthusiastic audience. The army of the United States was handsomely represented, and notable among the representations was General Merritt, in whose command Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) served as chief of scouts during that terrible campaign of 1876. The new addition of the programme had the last place on the list of features, and when the time came the vast audience was on the tiptoe of expectation. From the first appearance of the Indians in their camp executing that dangerous property the war-dance, and the subsequent appearance of the trusty scout in advance of the gallant soldiers of the U.S.A., to the terrible historic ending of that fateful day, and the picture of the battlefield after the carnage the audience was completely absorbed in the stirring incidents being enacted before them. Additional interest was aroused by the knowledge that among the actors engaged in the representation were many, who were not only active participants in that great campaign, but who actually took part in the identical battle then being shown them. Half a dozen or more of the Red warriors seen in the arena of the Wild West on that day were lieutenants under the noted chief Big Road, and participants in the frightful massacre of the memorable 25th of June, 1876, and in the ranks of the United States cavalry could be seen men who were in service in the same campaign and were on duty in the immediate neighborhood of the Valley of the Little Big Horn, and themselves saw the gory scene when the battle clouds had lifted and the Indian braves had taken their departure. A more realistic performance than that now being given twice each day by the Wild West of the great, though sorrowful event of "Custer's Last Charge" cannot well be imagined, and should be seen by everybody in Chicago and by all World's Fair visitors.

Information Wanted.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Mary Anne Reilly, who was born in Eyre street, city of Galway; left Galway for America in 1860; last known residence was in Broadway, New York. Address Martin Reilly, gateman, W. & L. R.R., Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland.

Mr. Thomas Murphy, manager of the refreshment department of Mrs. Hart's Irish Village (Donegal Castle), is prepared to meet his friends there and give them all a hearty welcome.

"HE WAS IN IT."

Judge Monroe So Decided in Favor of Kelly—An Interesting Suit.

John J. Kelly vs. People's Bank et al. Plaintiff began this suit by seizing a lottery ticket, one-twentieth of a whole ticket, which had won $15,000 and had been forwarded to the People's Bank for collection, and in which he claimed one-fourth interest as owner. By consent, the ticket was cashed, and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested one-quarter, which was also claimed by John W. Fenlow under control of the court.

The parties live in St. Louis, and have been quite unfortunate. In 1891 Fenlow, Kelly, Norleman, O'Keefe and Connors formed a quasi club, and on three or four occasions purchased five fractions of lottery tickets, said fractions costing $1 each, and each member contributing his proportion of the price, was equally interested in the winnings. Fenlow generally was charged with purchasing the tickets, and held them until the drawing.

The members usually paid their contributions before the drawings, and Fenlow paid the lottery ticket vendor.

In April, 1892, they invested (Connors had dropped out). All paid except Kelly, who had agreed to pay his dollar on the day preceding the drawing.

The tickets had been selected by Norleman. There was no further intercourse between the members of the club until after the drawing on Tuesday, April 12, when it was learned that one of the four tickets had won $15,000. The tickets have been paid for by Fenlow, and the question for the court to decide is whether Fenlow paid for account of Kelly, one dollar or whether it was for his own account.

The day after the drawing Kelly tendered his dollar, but was told he was "too late" and that he was "not in it."

The court concludes that Fenlow gave Kelly to understand that he (Fenlow) would see that Kelly's interest in the ticket would be paid for.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be a judgment in favor of John J. Kelly and against John W. Fenlow, decreeing Kelly to have been the owner of an undivided one-fourth interest in the lottery ticket, and that plaintiff receive and collect $3,750, representing the one-fourth of the proceeds of the lottery ticket now on deposit.—*New Orleans (La.) City Item.*

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

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Admission..........50 Cents
Children under 10 years..........25 Cents

Boxes and Box Seats on sale at McIntosh's Library, 31 Monroe-st. Popular Price Restaurant on the Grounds.

LOST!

The public is hereby notified that Elk Run Distilling Company warehouse receipts Nos. 19,631, 19,632, 19,633 and 19,634, issued by Allen-Bradley Company, of Frankfort, Ky., on Feb. 8, 1893, to Delaney & Murphy, Chicago, Ill., has been lost or stolen. Said warehouse receipts cover twenty (20) barrels Elk Run Bourbon whisky, serial Nos. 54,245 to 54,264 inclusive, inspection Jan. 20, 1892, and stored in bonded warehouse of Allen-Bradley Company in Jefferson County, Kentucky. The above mentioned warehouse receipts and the whisky covered thereby is our property and if said warehouse receipts are now held by anyone, said possession is without right. All persons are hereby warned against trading for or purchasing same as the delivery of the whisky has been stopped.

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Chicago, Ill.

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A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

Over the field the bright air clings and tingles
In the golden sunset, while the red wind swoops
Upon the nibbled knolls, and from the dingles
The sheep are gathering in frightened groups.

From the wide field the laggards bleat and follow,
A drover hurls his cry and hooting laugh,
And one young swain, too glad to whoop or hollo,
Is singing wildly as he whirls his staff.

Now crowding into little groups and eddies,
They swirl about and charge and try to pass.
The sheep dog yelps and heads them off and steadies
And rounds and molds them in a seething mass.

They stand a moment with their heads uplifted
Till the wise dog barks loudly on the flank.
They all at once roll over and are drifted
Down the small hill toward the river bank.

Covered with rusty marks and purple blotches
Around the fallen bars they flow and leap.
The wary dog stands by and keenly watches
As if he knew the name of every sheep.

Now down the road the nimble sound decreases,
The drovers cry, the dog delays and whines,
And now with twinkling feet and glimmering fleeces
They round and vanish past the dusky pines.

The drove is gone; the ruddy wind grows colder;
The singing youth puts up the heavy bars.
Beyond the pines he sees the crimson smolder
And catches in his eyes the early stars.
—Duncan C. Scott in Youth's Companion.

AN INSANE TROOPER.

Recently, while wandering through an old Aztec mountain village in which disabled soldiers were quartered immediately after the overthrow of the heathen empire, I found among some buried camp accouterments an old manuscript crumpled up with other papers in a battered leather knapsack. My knowledge of Spanish soon revealed for me the following curious and weird story, also a short explanation of it, probably written by the owner of the knapsack. As it may be of interest to some, though perhaps for no value more than that of idle curiosity, I will submit the result of my discovery to public perusal.—The Translator.

Yes, upon that I was resolute—he must die, but how.

Why did I crave his death? you ask. Was he rich, and I poor? Was he noted for bravery and valor, and I not? Was there back in Spain a tender hearted, soft eyed senorita? No, no, man. I tell you there was no object. In truth, I loved him. Together we commanded a company of Cortes' band. Side by side we fought the Mexicans, and in dividing the spoils and honor gained we quarreled only lest the other should receive too little. No, my hate was hardly earthly. It is true the Spaniard fights for little cause, but not even he murders for so little as did I. He would, though—yes, and you, too, could you either feel the motives that impelled me. I? Yes, a Spaniard, but an exception, not only to all Spaniards, but to all mankind.

You may call me mad. Perhaps I was—according to your conception of insanity. For 'tis true that no one, unless moved by an urging no less than supernatural, unless impelled by a craving more than human, a craving in human ignorance termed insanity, could be so sensitive, so finely and delicately strung in all the fibers of the soul, as to commit the foulest of deeds for what, to the sane, seems so small a cause. But in my nature, wonderfully webbed as it was by an abnormal mind, the motive to take the life of a friend—he was a friend—was more irresistable to me than the most urgent desire for revenge is to my countrymen. Any court would convict me—judges seldom see motives, never motives supernatural—so that in telling my story I do not, cannot, expect my reader to acquit me, because to all the act will outweigh the motive. But, though criminating myself, I must leave this record. It is as necessary to my happiness now as his life was then.

And why was his life necessary? Why do you ask? Your mind is normal; you cannot understand. Yet for the sake of the record I must continue, though sure to be misunderstood. His life, then, was necessary to my happiness because of a look upon his face—an expression, nothing more. When blood flowed, as was frequent where we were, or when a vivid image of battle was recalled to his mind, whether in stories about the campfire or in dreams that look like a specter's shroud, it would settle over his face. A condition of the countenance, a phenomena of the facial muscles and nerves, a mere look—that was all, but 'twas that which brought his death. It was centered in the eye, more especially in the left one.

Perhaps pity for the slain and living wounded caused that pallor, but that was not all; no, I loved him for that. There was also dark and foreboding melancholy, a chaos of haunting sorrows. No; not that either. Must I give over my attempt at justifying myself? Oh, that I could describe that look, or that your mind were as mine. But enough; it is impossible. I must remain condemned in the eyes of my fellow men. To you I can only say that I saw there upon his face a soul destroying, living picture of the grave, which in a nature such as mine roused a ghastly sensation of horror. Every cord radiating from the eye—the left one—contracted and tightened in agony. A film such as one sometimes sees enveloping the eye of a cat, of a slight steel blue, would partially unfold itself, as the skin of a toad, over the hideous organ. It drove me to frenzy—this look. Life in the tomb is preferable to the simple recollection.

I could bear it no longer; to me this was decided. Then with a calm deliberateness that would do credit to the sluggish ease of a Hollander, but with a scheming determination equaled by no man, I decided he must die—this friend of mine. But I must suffer for his murder, annihilation of that expression would bring no happiness, and in this I schemed. Retribution I knew would fall upon me if I killed him in battle, for then there were witnesses—and in camp when we were alone together the look was not there—then I loved him. You can perceive the opportunity I needed. That expression must be upon his face and no one near. And the opportunity by my ingenuity I must soon possess, for I felt within me that I could not look upon his face in that condition again unless it be to incite me to his destruction.

An acute sensibility verges upon insanity. To save my mind I must take his life. That was decided. He must die! But how?

You would not have thought me mad had you known the oily designing with which I answered "How?" Cool, keen deliberation does not characterize a madman—not as you picture a madman.

That look must be upon his face, and no one near.

But how? I had it. The plan was clear enough, but difficult and very dangerous of execution. Others must innocently suffer, but what weight has life to the ease of a madman? I would bring him into the presence of death—his death—and I would be alone with him. And then that look would surely appear. He would be aware that he was to die by what the Spaniards in Anahuac most feared—the sacrificial stone. Yes, then the look must appear.

The sacrificial stone — in the bare words even there was fascination for me; around this legalized and sanctified agent of slaughter my plot centered. The plan, briefly, was this: The Spanish forces, in three divisions, were besieging the City of Mexico. We made simultaneous attacks, each time approaching nearer our goal, the chief temple in the center of the city, and after each assault we withdrew to our respective camps. Progress was slow; moats surrounded the city, the streets were narrow, and each house was a fortification. The besiegers could advance no step until the preceding one was secured for retreat; each house must be razed, each moat filled. These were orders and were obeyed, because capture, we knew, meant the sacrificial stone, our hearts a symbolic food for pagan gods and our bodies a material one for the religious feast of cannibalism.

For tomorrow another attack was ordered—the last one, we hoped. The same injunctions for security being repeated, we advanced. He, as usual, was at my side. The first resistance of the natives was easily overcome, and we entered the city. House after house was demolished. The mass of Aztecs before us gave way as of one accord and broke into retreat. To me there was something uncanny about their actions. If retreat at all, it was premeditated. But to our followers it meant only the victory so long striven and suffered for.

My time had come. The eagerness of our followers, which I openly encouraged, isolated us from the main army. Worse yet, I had the bugle sounded and ordered a charge. All—all but he—forgot the caution of Cortes and answered the signal with an onset that his prudence could not check. The force behind pushed us both forward. He placed his hand strongly upon my shoulder to question my conduct and to remonstrate. I turned to answer, when there, upon his face, was that picture of the grave. The ruse of the heathen succeeded.

Seeing our position apart from the others, they turned and came exultingly toward us. The deafening reverberation of the gong in the temple, a sound of woe to the Spaniards, sounded our deathknell. Then it was I saw that look. I lost myself, and leaning back in my saddle yelled to him in fiendish merriment, "The sacrificial stone!" He understood. As my atrocity dawned upon him the look vanished for one of hatred and fury. He raised his sword, hissed something like "Traitor!" and came at me.

The Spaniard is quick in anger, but his stroke never fell. A score of bared arms of the snakish color of copper encircled his body; another score bereft him of the murderous weapon over my head; a myriad more dragged him from his horse. The same fate befell the rest of our band who survived, myself included. That night we found ourselves in the dungeon where Montezuma had languished. The next day we all knew we should await our turn at sacrifice before the dread stone. He knew, it and I rejoiced. Even a madman can feel the joy of triumph, can he not?

But he should not die with the others. That was not my plan. I groped in the dark to where he crouched and whispered, "Escape!" He jumped to his feet. "Where? How?" "Hush; not so loud. Follow me." He hesitated. "But the others?" he asked. "It is not possible for more than two," I answered. He said no more, but followed in silence. In this evidence of his selfishness I felt a sort of satisfaction. Though content myself, I cannot help but feel grateful to anything that may aid in justifying his death to normal minds.

During the unwelcome stay of the Spaniards in the city before their expulsion they were given for a residence the place in which we were then confined. Being with Cortes at that time, I therefore knew our prison house well. For me escape was easy. Through many rooms, corridors, passages and stairs, some known not even to the natives, we fled on tiptoe. His confidence was regained, and he followed me closely. Finally, without hindrance, we reached the flat roof. Here behind the walls, extending a few feet above the roof, we could hide in safety, and here indeed we waited throughout the next day.

I told him my idea of final escape. It was intoxication to renew his hope, a vain hope, for I should blast it. That night we were to gain the summit of the temple and there light a beacon. The besiegers outside would understand or think they understood. The Mexicans never expect night attacks, due to a superstition regarding the white man, so that they could be easily overcome. Assurance of life brought a smile to the face of my companion, though at the time in looking toward the pyramidal shaped temple or teocalli, he saw our comrades led up the spiral steps leading to the summit, saw them one by one bound by the priests to the sacrificial stone, saw over each raised the stone knife, saw it descend into the trembling breast, saw the quivering heart torn out and offered to the gods upon a golden salver.

He saw the gore spattered upon the walks and upon the dark robes of the priests. He saw the bodies carried by slaves to the banqueting hall, there to supply that night's revel. All this, I say, passed before his eyes, yet it served only to deepen the smile as he contrasted their fate with his own hopes—his hopes! How I exulted in the deception!

Night drew on, and we heard the sounds of loathsome revelry, made more hideous by our knowledge of its nature. The great temple, or teocalli, though, was deserted. All were at the feast of human flesh. Our opportunity had come. In safety we reached the street and scaled the walls of the temple. We cautiously climbed the steps of the teocalli, though with difficulty, for we frequently slipped upon the slimy gore and fell clumsily into pools of blood. The stench, too, was deathly, but we kept on, on, until the summit was reached.

We paused after our exertions. I looked around. My victim was standing at the foot of the sacrificial stone, his back turned toward it—my opportunity exactly. Horrible? Yes, but I did it—I was mad, you must remember. With my entire weight I sprang upon him. He stepped back and stumbled. We fell together, he underneath, upon the cold stone, now made soft by pulpy flesh upon it. With little difficulty I secured his wrists and ankles by the manacles fastened in the huge block of jasper.

The next thing was to make sure of safety for myself, and then I could complete my work and take pleasure in it. With tinder we had brought I lighted a beacon. Each division of the army seeing it would think the city taken by the other two divisions and advance to give aid.

This signal given, all was safe. My victim dare not cry out lest the natives be around. The beacon was rendered unnoticed to the inhabitants by their nauseous banquet below. No precautions remained—nothing except to complete my designs. Joyously I tore from his protruding breast all armor and covering, seized the sacrificial knife and raised my arm to strike. The fire of the beacon sputtered upward and cast a glare over his face. My arm paused, the glittering blade fell ringing upon the stone floor, and I trembled, powerless—the look was not there, nothing but intense anguish. I was foiled. I had expected that look.

But he must die. Yes, that was decided. No one was near, and why would that look not come? But it must appear, and soon, or the Spaniards would find him living. He would tell, and they would kill me.

I seized the knife once more, though with a weakened grasp, and leaned over him with intent expectation, waiting so intently for that look. Not happiness alone now, but life itself was in the balance. Neither could be preserved unless his tongue be silenced. Already the Spaniards must be near the city, yet even with exposure so near I could not kill him unless that look appear. That which before wrecked my happiness I now longed for to save my life. Would that look never come?

I now heard the Spaniards entering the city. They must not approach too near. I remembered the gong, the one sounded to arouse the city by the priests in time of peril. I would call the nations to arms, and my countrymen would be repulsed. I seized the huge hammer, swung it over my head, and frantically hurled it at the gong. It sounded for miles. The banquet became as silent as its lifeless victims in the caldrons, and then a tumult louder than the previous revelry prevailed as the savages hurriedly sought for weapons. Now the Spaniards would be repulsed, I hoped. They would not see me in crime. Further than that, of my treason or of my fate afterward, I had no thoughts.

The thundering of the conflict grew plainer and plainer. The Mexicans, stupefied by drink, fell back and broke into precipitate retreat. My last hope was gone; the city was taken. The clash of arms was in my ears, the conquerors were at the temple, upon its stone steps. Another instant they would reach us, find me free and him bound. In fear for myself I had forgotten him; unaware of the knife still in my hand, I stood looking in terror to where the Spaniards must soon appear.

The fire again blazed and cast away the shadows that hid his face. Saved! The look was there. Why had I not thought of it before?—bloodshed, battle, bloodshed, of course the look was there. It was nothing but a mere expression, but 'twas that which brought his death. It was centered in the eye, more especially the left one. Yes, there, there at last was that living picture of the grave. Every cord radiating from the eye—the left one—was drawn and tightened in agony. There, where the light flickered, was the film, of a steel blue hue, such as one sometimes sees enveloping the eye of a cat.

I was calm now. That look was upon his face, and no one to tell the tale. Again my arm was raised; again the knife hovered over him. I made a step forward to drive the blow, but stepped in a slushy pool of blood and fell upon his body. The descending knife by my weight buried itself to the hilt in his breast, piercing the heart and forever annihilating all looks, all expressions.

I was found lying unconscious in his blood, my head having struck the edge of the stone in falling. Through my beacon the city was taken. This service my countrymen remembered and forgot the murder.

NOTE TO MSS.

After our capture of the city we had in our palace a deranged trooper. He had killed a comrade, but being crazy we considered him irresponsible. As he had also aided in the Aztec overthrew, we felt grateful to him and made no attempt to bring him to trial. Instead, we humored him, giving him the writing materials for which he begged and allowing him to roam where he chose.

One day in walking among the ruins of the great temple I found a body lying across a long, couch shaped stone of jasper. Buried in the breast was a stone knife, such as was used by the Mexican priests. I turned the face upward and recognized the deranged trooper. When we prepared him for interment we discovered in his jerkin this parchment manuscript.

ANTONIO DEL A. G——,
Corporal of the Guard.

—Kansas City Times.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

IT PROMISES TO REVEAL WONDERFUL STAR SECRETS.

A Modern Astronomical Instrument That May Teach Observers Something Relating to the Composition of the Heavenly Bodies.

The corps of astronomers at the observatory on Mount Hamilton are now completing the results of Professor Schaeberle's observation of the great eclipse of the sun observed in Peru, speculating on that wonderful heavenly visitant, the comet; studying the "bright line" stars, and other matters incidental to the work of this, the greatest observatory of the world.

It has never been definitely known of what comets were composed, but Professor Campbell has been observing the recent additions to the firmament at all favorable opportunities with the big telescope and its spectrum attachment. The result of his observation has been that the spectrum lines show that the comet is composed of incandescent carbon and nitrogen, being itself luminous. This has been the theory heretofore, but it had never before been actually determined. The spectrum revealed the hitherto suspected truth. While the astronomers are satisfied with the observations of this comet, yet much is still in doubt, and will not be solved until some big comet appears, such as has presented itself in past years before the present means of observation were known. If such a comet should heave in sight all other work would be suspended, and all eyes turned upon it, resulting undoubtedly in astonishing and almost unhoped for results.

Professor Campbell at present is devoting most of his time and attention to the study of the "bright line" stars, training the great lens upon them night after night. His work is greatly aided by the spectroscope. Of these stars there are only 32 in this hemisphere capable of being observed, the remainder, about 19 in number, being in the southern hemisphere, and not visible at the Lick. When the spectrum is placed on the telescope, and the lens trained upon one of these stars, the light from the star is broken up and analyzed by the spectrum, and the colors obtained arranged in a broad band according to their intensity. Intersecting this band are bright lines, whence these stars receive their name. The lines, according to their position among the colors, denote a preponderating abundance of some element, one position indicating hydrogen, another tin, another iron, and so through the list of elements. In some of these stars the number of bright lines is much greater than in others, and this shows that the stars are in different stages of development.

From these observations Professor Campbell hopes to perfect a definite theory in regard to sidereal evolution, which will show whether the star is a new one or one partly burned out or one entirely dead. All observations hitherto have been made with comparatively small telescopes, and but few lines were brought out in any of the spectra, but when the 36 inch lens, with its wonderful power, was turned upon them many new bright lines were brought out, revealing the fact that the state of the stars was far different from what was supposed. Continued observations will be made upon these stars, and many new and interesting facts may soon be discovered.

A very interesting object of observation has been the new star in the constellation of Auriga, called Nova Auriga, discovered on Nov. 1, 1892, by Professor Andrews of the Edinburgh observatory. When first discovered, this star was of the fifth magnitude and was visible to the naked eye. It remained in this state for six weeks. It then decreased in intensity and was visible only in the large telescope for a period of six weeks more, when it totally disappeared. In August it again appeared, having increased to the tenth magnitude, and it has remained in sight ever since, increasing in brilliancy and commanding great attention in all the observatories of the world. It is now supposed to be in the first stage of sidereal evolution. In the past 20 centuries only 20 of these new stars have been discovered, and the extreme rareness of their appearance adds greatly to the interest in them.

The most important question in regard to Nova Auriga was the nature of it. Here and at Pultowa, Russia, where the second largest telescope in the world is located, the lens being 30 inches in diameter, the observation tended to show that it was a planetary nebulæ or a nebulous star, but this theory has been denied by leading English and German astronomers, who have claimed that it was a true star. Recent observations at Mount Hamilton disprove the theory of its being a true star, and establish the fact that it is a nebulous body. The spectrum exhibited exactly the same features as the spectrum of those stars which are admitted to be nebulæ.

Without doubt the spectrum has proved to be the most valuable scientific aid to astronomers of all discovered in recent years. While it has been in use for nearly 20 years, yet it has been only in the last five years that it has proved to be of much value. It is now used both visually and photographically. The Lick observatory will soon be furnished with a new spectroscope of the latest and best manufacture, D. O. Mills having given a sum of money sufficient to purchase such a one as is needed.—San Jose Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Gather-no-moss Young Man.

Young men who are "everything by turns and nothing long" may possess even more than average ability, but they never make good business men. As "rolling stones gather no moss," neither do these shifty creatures add any power to their character or wealth to a store. They are respectable tramps, always on the move from one vocation to another, often waiting like Micawber for "something to turn up."—Dry Goods Economist.

The Future of the West Indies.

As a field for colonization by Europeans and more particularly by British settlers the West Indies cannot be recommended. On the loftiest slopes of the Blue mountains of Jamaica a limited area may perhaps be found where a northern race might enjoy a suitable climate. In the lowlands near the sea the white man could not live and work. In the highlands of the interior, working in the morning and evening, he could easily accomplish seven hours a day of hard labor.

Jamaica is an island in which the experiment of colonization for our surplus population might safely be tried on a small scale. The promoters of the railway now being constructed, partially on the land grant scheme, would probably be glad to co-operate in carrying out a project of the nature indicated. In the Cayman islands, with 4,322 inhabitants, two populations are to be seen side by side. The white population numbers 1,602, the colored 1,728, and the black 992. The whites have been settled more than a century, and have been a thriving and vigorous people. It is an important fact to notice that a mixed or colored race cannot perpetuate itself. The children are wanting in stamina and constitution.

Taking a broad view, these lovely islands are only suited to a tropical race such as the negroes, and for these they may be made an earthly paradise. Left to themselves the people might rapidly degenerate. Under British rule we may, in a not distant future, confidently hope to see the black population of our West India islands living in prosperous circumstances, with all the markets of the world open to their useful products, good customers to the British manufacturer, bound to the British empire by the strongest ties of gratitude, and raised to a condition of enlightenment and civilization only as yet attained by a few men who have been greatly favored.—Lord Brassey in Fortnightly Review.

But Her Dream Was Realized.

Once upon a time a girl was seized with the bicycle mania. That was three years ago, when mammas were not quite so liberal minded as they are now. A rich aunt threatened to disown her, and the rest of the relatives raised a chorus of disapproval whenever she mentioned the subject. For the sake of peace and quiet the dear, self sacrificing girl gave up the bicycle idea, although every season she suffered terribly whenever she saw a girl on a wheel. About a week ago she asserted her rights and took her savings for three years and invested them in a bicycle. Every morning she disappeared for several hours and returned home with bandaged fingers, torn skirts, a banged in hat, a sour temper and a painful limp.

Yesterday she invited the family to assemble at a certain riding school to see her perform. She nimbly mounted, spun around the hall twice, jumped off and on with the agility of a young kitten and excited the admiration of the whole crowd.

Then some officious person said, "Go around the other way."

She had always practiced in the one direction, but such a trifle did not worry her, so she wheeled around and rode off like a runaway cable car. When she arrived at the first turn, there was a terrible crash, a shriek, a resounding crack made by her head coming in contact with the floor, and then all was still.

The family had her taken home in an ambulance, and she has already made arrangements to have the machine patched up and sold at half price.

It only cost her about $125 to have her dream realized.—Chicago Record.

Lucrative Honesty.

"Oh, Tom," said a young wife to her husband, "I found a truly honest man this morning."

"Indeed?" said he, laughing ironically.

"Yes, I did," she said. "He was a tramp—oh, so dirty and ragged and sick looking and miserable! He came around the back way and begged me in the touchingest tone of voice just to give him any old coat or trousers, so that he could throw away his rags and be a little cleaner—so I gave him that old black coat of yours."

"Hm-m-m-m!" said Tom, raising his brows critically.

"Now don't say 'Hm-m-m!' that way," pouted his wife, "for before he had been gone 10 minutes he came back all out of breath, and—what do you think?"

"Asked for a vest and hat to suit the coat," growled Tom.

"No, sir," proudly exclaimed Mrs. Tom. "No, sir—he came to bring back a $5 bill he found in the inside pocket, where you had forgotten it last summer. There, wasn't that honest?"

"Yes-s-s," said Tom slowly. "What did you give him for it?"

"I thought such unusual honesty was worth a dollar, so I give it to him. Such honesty deserves reward, I'm sure."

"I suppose it does," said Tom, with a lugubrious look, as he reached out his hand for the bill. "Only you see, wifey, I never carried money in my inside pocket in my life, and"——

She caught her breath.

——"this blanked bill is a rank counterfeit—that's all."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Subject Quite Exhausted.

They are two very clever newspaper women, and one leisure day they went together to buy a rubber mackintosh for one of them, which was necessitated by the exposure in rainy weather consequent upon her business.

Now, mackintoshes are rather high priced, and there was a good deal of hesitation over the purchase.

"Would it wear well?"

They were assured it would.

"Would it pull in the seam?"

"Never."

"Was it absolutely waterproof?"

"It would withstand a cloudburst of rain."

The subject seemed exhausted. Still they hesitated.

"Would it fade in the sun?"—Boston Herald.

WHERE "FAKE" COMES FROM.

It Was a Theatrical Term, Which Found a Champion In Mr. Howells.

There is one word which the larger vocabulary of the public has lately taken from the smaller vocabulary of the playhouse and which some strolling player of the past apparently borrowed from some other vagabond familiar with thieves' slang. This word is fake. It has always conveyed the suggestion of an attempt to deceive.

"Are you going to get up new scenery for the new play?" might be asked, and the answer would be, "No, we shall fake it," meaning thereby that old scenery would be retouched and readjusted so as to have the appearance of new. From the stage the word passed to the newspapers, and a fake is a story invented, not founded on fact—"made out of whole cloth," as the stump speakers say.

Mr. Howells, always bold in using new words, accepts fake as good enough for him and prints it in "The Quality of Mercy" without the stigma of italics or quotation marks. Just as in the same story he has adopted the colloquial electrics for electric lights—i. e., "He turned off the electrics." And hereafter the rest of us may use either fake or electrics with a clear conscience, either hiding ourselves behind Mr. Howells, who can always give a good account of himself when attacked, or else coming out into the open and asserting our own right to adopt either word because it is useful.

"Is it called for? Is it accordant with the analysis of the language? Is it offered or backed by good authority? These are the considerations by which general consent is won or repelled," so Professor Whitney tells us, "and general consent decides every case without appeal." It happens that Don Quixote preceded Professor Whitney in this exposition of the law, for when he was instructing Sancho Panza, then about to be appointed governor of an island, he used a Latinized form of a certain word which had become vulgar, explaining that "if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time so that they will be readily understood. That is the way a language is enriched. Custom and the public are all powerful there." Sometimes the needful word which is thought to be too common for use is Latinized, as Don Quixote preferred, but more often it is ennobled without change, being simply lifted out from among its former low companions.—Scribner's.

The Saucy Magpie.

The sauciest creature alive is the magpie of Australia. He is also a handsome fellow, and as he flies in undulating waves he gleams beautifully in the sunlight. Glossy black and pure white are his colors. His beak is sharp and can be very cruel, although he belongs not to the carnivora.

I once owned a magpie of this ilk. I lost him with the deepest regret. Our friendship was of the most pleasant character. It is true that he often put me to some inconvenience. He robbed me, but not as man steals. He stole for fun. My cat hated him with fervor. He haunted her dreams. It was his habit when puss was asleep to seize her by the tail, give it a vicious tweak and then fly to the back of the chair, laughing heartily. She never caught him, and in time her tail became to her a tail of woe.

As I have said, he and I became fast friends. He visited me every morning, perched himself on the footrail of my bed and sang his merry song. Then he would come and get into bed with me. It was my custom to smooth his feathers, place him on his back beside me and pull the sheet over him up to his chin, so to speak. He would then close his eyes, and he and I would take a nap. I have known him to sleep in this position for two hours. This seems incredible, but I am not dealing in fiction. Since I lost him it has been my hope that he fell in with those who understood his character. Wherever he is, I wish him well, for I could have spared a better friend.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Signals at Sea.

The international code of signals was prepared and first published in April, 1857, in accordance with the views and recommendations of a committee appointed by the board of trade. The code is described as consisting of 18 flags—namely, one burgee, four pennants and 13 square flags, and in addition an "answering pennant," which is displayed when the message is completed and understood. The 18 flags represent the consonants of the alphabet, and it is by a combination of two, three or four of these flags hung perpendicularly to each other that arbitrary signs are made which represent words and sentences of the same signification in all languages. Each signal has throughout the code but one signification. A signal is always made in "one hoist" in one place.

The nature of the signals is indicated by the number of flags hoisted, whether two, three or four together. Signals of two flags relate to danger or distress; signals of three flags to general subjects of inquiry or communication, including latitude, longitude and time signals, and signals with four flags relate to names. Single flags are not used in code signals, with the exception of "yes" and "no" and "answering" pennants. The flags to be hoisted at one time never exceed four. It is an interesting mathematical fact that, with 18 variously colored flags, and never using more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 distinct signals can be given.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Novel Parrot For Sale.

A novel parrot, possessing, according to the advertisement, powers of mimicry and a vocabulary of 50 words, is for sale in London, but no gentlemen need apply. The precocious fowl is destined to pass into the keeping of a woman or never to change its owner. Why? Well, James Payn suggests that the bird may have hung in a drawing room where for a long time it has listened to the after dinner talk of the ladies, who now fear a betrayal of their secrets.—London Letter.

NICE YOUNG MAN, BUT A FOOL.

He Is Utterly Too Good, and His Wife Is Sick of Her Bargain.

One of the best girls any fellow ever knew and the pride of a village not a thousand miles from Pittsburg made a fatal mistake when she married. Being such a happy girl, so sensible and so much sought after by the best young men in the neighborhood, every one confidently expected her to make a great catch. But she didn't, and now her neighbors are wondering how it all happened. She married a fool. That explains it all. No need to go into details. The fact that he dressed well and that he moved in good society and was known as a "very nice young man" will not make the case any plainer. He is a fool, and that is all there is about it.

His foolishness consisted largely in believing that the world was not made right, that the people are wrong hearted as well as wrong headed, and that it is the duty of every one to array himself against everything as it exists and keep up a constant grumbling, growling and complaining. This young man was very religious in a sense. He honestly and faithfully endeavored to keep himself unspotted from the world by avoiding contact with it. He went not into bad company, nor did he patronize picnics and evening parties, but staid at home reading good books and thinking how he could spin for himself a cocoon that would keep the outside world away from him. He did not realize the fact that he who has himself for companion and friend is in very poor company.

It was this sort of chap that our model girl married. She ought to have known better, but she mistook his knowledge of books for an evidence of brains and of learning, while the fellow really hadn't two ideas of his own about anything. The inside history of this case shows that she did not love him any better than she had other men, but he was such a nice young fellow that she thought there would be no risk taking him. In fact, she took him in the hope of escaping the very misery she is now suffering. He doesn't beat her with a club, nor does he get drunk and smash the furniture, but he tires her life out by lecturing her, finding fault continually and never commending, and trying to make her understand that her place is at home and that her duty is to him. Their home is dreary and chilly, and their lives about the same.

They are both satisfied that marriage is a failure, and they cannot be made to believe otherwise. It isn't the man who has the least book knowledge that is the biggest fool, nor are those who are short on general information to be classed with numskulls. Some of the most delightful people one may meet are those who are blessed with an abundance of common sense. They know absolutely nothing of Darwin nor of Briggs and not a great deal about electrical science, and they may even eat with their knives, pour their coffee into saucers and blow the soup to cool it, yet with all these shortcomings and defects they are the most delightful people to know. Their hearts are all right, and they understand enough of the science of life to know how to live comfortably themselves and to make others happy.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Water Started These Two Fires.

No principle of natural philosophy is more familiar than the power of water to extinguish fire. And yet, strange to say, water has been known to cause destructive fires, not by an accident, but by direct chemical action. One case of the kind was in a large factory. A flood caused the water to rise to a pile of iron filings, which oxidized so rapidly that they developed great heat and set fire to the nearby woodwork. The building was entirely destroyed.

Another case is still more remarkable. Several engines were throwing water upon a burning building, and the water found its way to another building, which contained quicklime. The slaking of the lime, caused of course by the contact of the water, generated intense heat, and the heat set fire to the building. That was a sarcasm of circumstances, wasn't it?—Philadelphia Times.

Value of Good Cooking.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that goes wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, legislative bills and destiny of empires. The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.—Nashville Advocate.

Why He Chose the War.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came in from the composing room, and placing himself before the editor said, "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Purchasing Safety.

Mr. Oldtiner—I think the pay of legislators nowadays is outrageously high.

Mr. Nowadays—Nonsense, man! You don't know when you are well off. I wish they were paid more.

"More!"

"Certainly. Pay 'em enough to sport steam yachts and race horses. Then they won't be so eternally anxious to sit at their desks and spoil our laws."—New York Weekly.

The "Walking Stick" Business.

Under the general term "walking stick trade" is included the manufacture of sticks for umbrellas, etc., of which an incredible number are produced annually. In England—which, by the way, almost supplies the world—the number of men employed is about 4,000. The trade is rather scattered, though by far the greatest part is done in London, where in the east end it is carried on extensively. The workmen are chiefly drawn from the poorer classes of St. Luke's, Finsbury, Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, in which parishes the principal workshops are situated. The trade is strictly a season one. It is among the first to feel depression and among the last to recover. A large number of the men employed earn on the average a fair living, especially those in the largest houses, who enjoy, as a rule, the most regular employment.

But a large section of the trade pays bad wages—in fact, in some cases it is a mere existence. A great quantity of sticks produced by these latter are manufactured in dwelling houses—nay, in the very living rooms, though in this respect there is a gradual improvement going on. The people among whom this state of things exists are mostly small manufacturers who work on their own account. In busy times it often happens the man is compelled to work nearly all night in order to get the work done in time for payment on Saturday. It has been known for wives' and even children's help to be put to account. This is true when the trade is busy, which is generally from March to November, when slack time begins and continues with more or less abatement till the following spring.—Chambers' Journal.

An Amusement of Youth.

"Every middle aged man of sound memory who was brought up in town," said Mr. Greatbar, "will recall the fact that when he was a boy he found great delight in rattling a stick along the picket fences. This amusement of childhood, like many others of that period of life, appears to have been transmitted from generation to generation without material change. The strings of spools and the soldier hats and so on of the children of today are substantially like those of their forefathers. But it might seem to some that this succession is in danger of being broken. In many suburban towns and villages there is now no picket fence. The modern spirit says lawns, and so there are many places where the houses are as if in parks, and where the younger children might not know a picket fence if they should see one. I have two children, for instance, who I am quite sure have never enjoyed the felicity of rattling a hard stick against the resounding pickets.

"It might indeed seem under such circumstances that this is one of the enjoyments of childhood which in some families might be lost altogether; that one could scarcely expect the children of these children who have never rattled pickets to think of it themselves, but I cannot believe this. I believe, rather, that if in their youth the children of these children should come upon a town where picket fences still remained they would pick up the handiest stick and go quite naturally and very gleefully rattling it along the pickets, for I cannot believe that a habit grounded for centuries in the human race can be utterly lost by its lapse in a single generation."—New York Sun.

A Chessboard Brain.

The most wonderful deformity in the human brain that has ever been noted by the scientists and made a matter of record was that of the phenomenal chess player, Richard Rockwoode. Rockwoode could play 12 games of chess simultaneously, but no more, not even being able to begin on the thirteenth. After death his brain was carefully examined by skilled anatomists, who found in the region known to phrenologists as "locality" that the molecules of that portion of the brain had actually arranged themselves into a combination of squares resembling a chessboard and that each of these squares had certain marks upon it, supposed to represent the final positions of the pieces in the last 12 games played by the great expert while he was blindfolded. The doctors who make this wonderful report declare that it is true in every particular, but that the arrangement of the atoms of the brain into the chessboard squares referred to could only be distinguished by microscopes of the highest power.

More than 40 years ago, when Sir William Dean Bakker made an examination of the brain of Forbes, the shipbuilder, and reported that the molecules of the brain had arranged themselves (the "gray matter" separating from the other constituents of the brain and "lining up") into a rude form of a vessel hull, he was only laughed at. The Rockwoode investigation proves that Bakker knew what he was talking about.—St. Louis Republic.

Using English Coins For Weights.

Many are the uses of money, but Mr. Joseph Newton, late of the Royal mint, points out there is at least one use which is not generally known. This is the availability of coins for letter weighing when the ordinary postal weights do not happen to be at hand. Commencing with the sovereign, this weighs a very safe quarter ounce, for foreign postage, two equaling, of course, a half ounce, and four one ounce. The next denomination, the crown piece, is just on the right side of one ounce in weight, and the half crown of half an ounce. Five separate shillings, or two shillings and a sixpence, for the ounce and half ounce, will do as well.

Descending from gold and silver to hard working bronze, it is found that either three penny pieces, or five halfpence, or 10 farthings will respectively make up one ounce. Another peculiarity in regard to the halfpenny is noted by Mr. Newton. That is its diameter, which is precisely one inch, so that by using it as a measure it will be seen that 12 halfpence laid flat and in touch are equal to one foot and 36 to one yard.—London Tit-Bits.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.

County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Tres. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 7020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; H J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana-sts at 8 p m.

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Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Mich'l Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted at at 8 p m.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 550 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 434 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

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McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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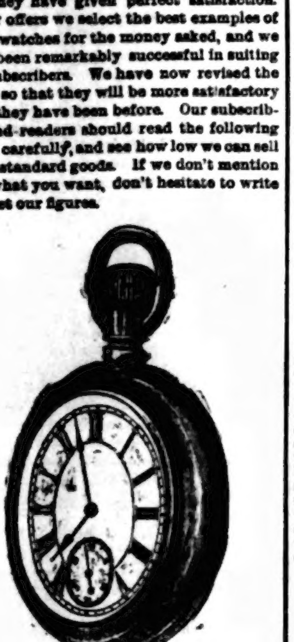
WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

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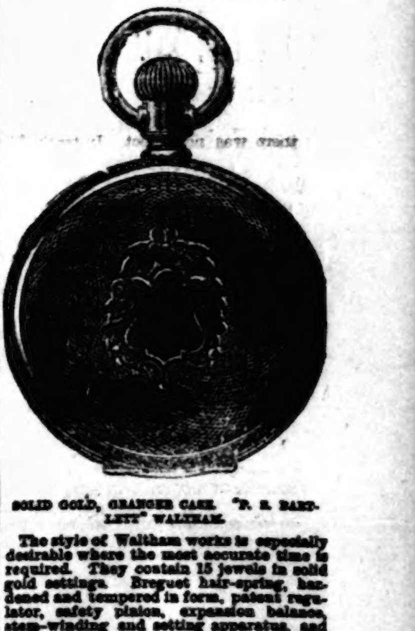
Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.



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No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.28. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.28.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $30. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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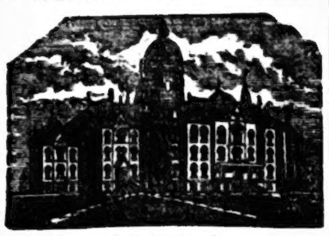

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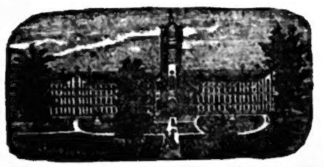

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LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.—NOTICE IS hereby given, that a limited partnership has been formed, and entered into by the undersigned, under and pursuant to chapter 84 of the Revised Statutes of Illinois, entitled "An Act to revise the law in relation to limited partnerships," approved March 18, 1874, in force July 1, 1874; that the name under which the partnership is to be conducted is J. Richter; that the general nature of the business to be transacted is pawnbroking, that is, the loaning of sums of money on the security of pledges of personal property; and also buying and selling jewelry, watches, precious stones and such other articles of personal property as are usually bought and sold by pawnbrokers in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, and State of Illinois; that said business is to be carried on in Chicago, in the county of Cook aforesaid; that the undersigned Jennie Richter, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the general partner, and the undersigned Isaac Pieser, whose place of residence is the city of Chicago aforesaid, is the special partner; that the amount of capital stock which the said special partner Isaac Pieser has contributed to the common stock is two thousand five hundred dollars; which contribution has been made in merchandise, at cash value, which merchandise is of the kind and nature in which the said partnership is to deal, as above set forth; that the said contribution of the said Isaac Pieser to the common stock has been, actually, and in good faith contributed and applied to the same; that the said partnership is to commence on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893, and will terminate on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1895; that the said partnership shall not be dissolved by the death of said general partner, Jennie Richter; that a certificate of the formation of the said limited partnership, as required by law, together with an affidavit by the said general partner Jennie Richter, that the contribution of the said special partner Isaac Pieser to the common stock, specified in the said certificate, has been, actually and in good faith, contributed and applied to the same, was filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Cook county, in the State of Illinois, on the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

Dated at Chicago, aforesaid, this seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

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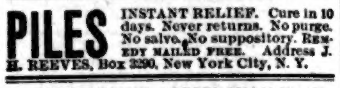
ESTATE OF JACOB WEST, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Jacob West, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1893, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 16, 1893.

JACOB WEST, Executor.

David Sullivan Attorney for said estate.



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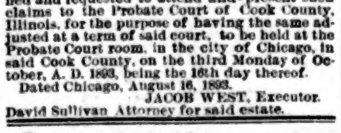

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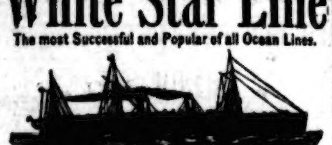

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